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Together

Denver: The General Conference

In color: People of the Bible

A Letter to Pres. Eisenhower

The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families February 1960

MAS V H KING
DREW UNIVERSITY
MADISON, N J

G. Washington Crossed Here

Under 24-hour guard, a national treasure hangs inside this church's walls.

+ FOR U.S. Boy Scouts, this month marks their golden anniversary. It's also the 228th anniversary of the birth of George Washington—who, on Christmas night, 1776, scored the Colonies' first major victory in the Revolution by leading 2,400 ragged troops across the ice-clogged Delaware River to capture Trenton, N.J.

It seemed fitting, therefore, when our photographer visited the Washington Crossing, Pa., Methodist Church, that he found a troop of Scouts worshiping under the world-renowned painting, *Washington Crossing the Delaware.* For this historic little 72-member church is built on almost the exact spot where the general and his forces embarked for the Trenton thrust.

The canvas, valued at $50,000, occupied 10 years in the life of Emanuel Leutze, who completed it in 1851. Owned by New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art, it was placed in the church on Washington's Birthday in 1952. So far, it has been viewed by more than 1 million visitors.

The famous painting forms a backdrop as the Rev. Thomas B. Everist leads in worship. Among guests are Boy Scouts of Troop 1, Willow Grove, Pa.

"Because my stomach was 'nervous,' my doctor started me on Postum!"

"Sure, most everyone has a jumpy stomach before big occasions. But when I started to have one even on ordinary days, I began to wonder.

"I couldn't imagine why things weren't tasting too good —or feeling too good after I'd eaten. So, I went to the doctor. He examined me, then said maybe I was drinking too much coffee. He explained some people just can't take all the caffein in coffee all the time, suggested I try Postum instead because Postum is caffein-free.

"I started drinking Postum and haven't had a jumpy nerve (or stomach) since. Why don't you see your doctor? Chances are he'll recommend Postum, too. You'll like it."

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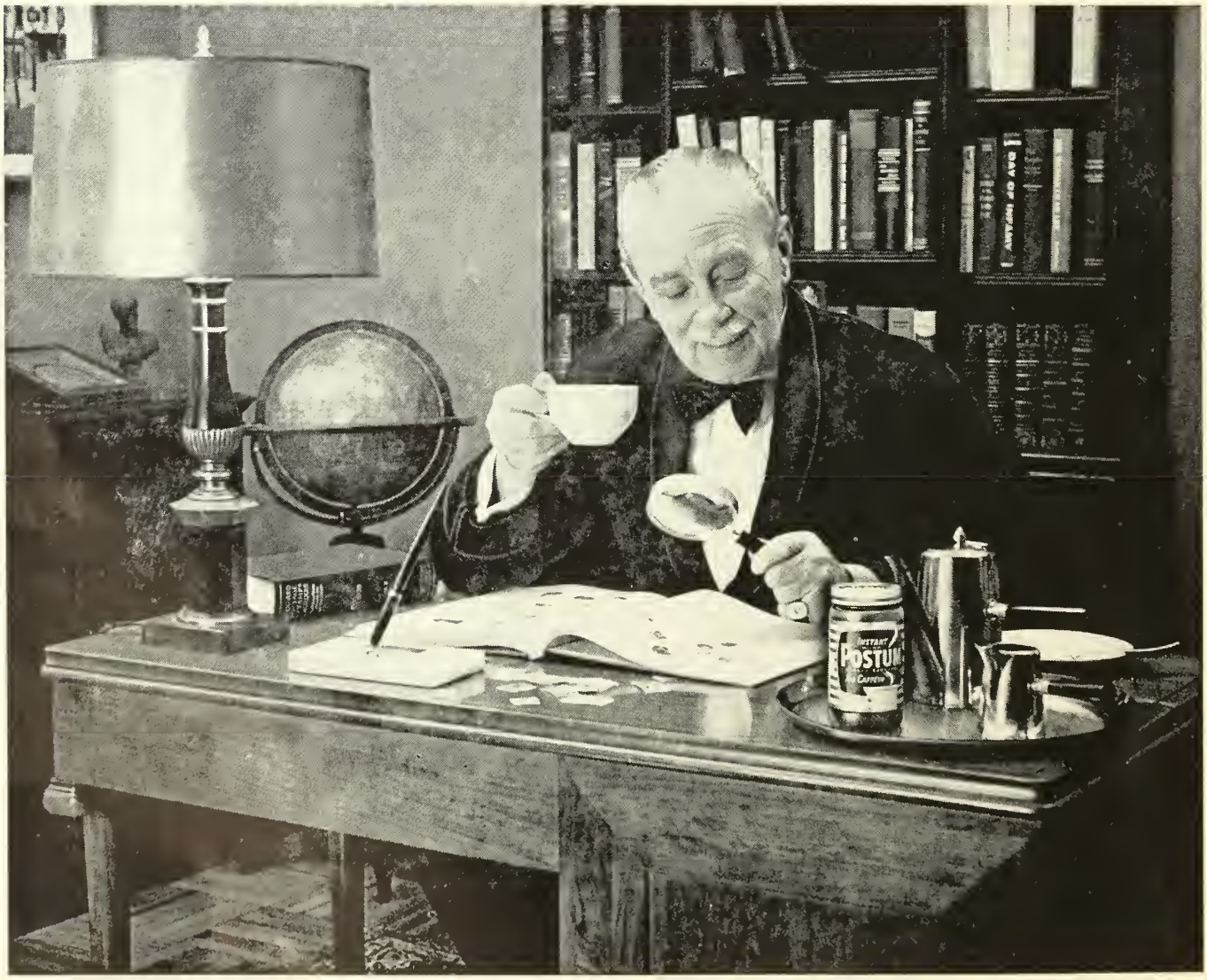

Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the right hand of fellowship.
—John Wesley (1703-1791)

MORE THAN anyone, perhaps, newspapermen learn early that the really big people are big in every way, including the little things of life. We were reminded of this in reading some background material on **Sir Hugh Foot** [see *Trouble Shooter for Britain*, page 32]. The incident happened back in 1957 when he was weighed down by grave responsibilities in Cyprus. Sir Hugh stopped to talk with a 10-year-old Cypriot lad. As Sir Hugh tells the story: "I asked him what he was called, and he said his surname was Greek but his Christian name was Milton. I inquired if he knew who Milton was, and he replied that he did not know. I told him Milton was a great poet, and that I would get him a copy of his works."

Months later, when the British diplomat returned to Cyprus after a brief visit to his home in England, he brought with him a copy of Milton's *Paradise Lost* from the 50,000-volume library of his father, Isaac Foot, a Methodist lay preacher. It was inscribed by the elder Foot personally for "Milton of Paphos."

Sitting here in the midst of a Chicago snowstorm, we're getting great comfort from contemplating next month's color pictorial on Methodism in Puerto Rico, that beautiful island in the Caribbean. We've looked at transparencies which show green, blue, and purple hills fading away from sandy beaches; at bright, flowering trees; waterfalls and fern forests, and orchids by the millions. The scenery is enticing, but the important thing—the purpose of our color visit next month—is to give you a close-up of the work our church is doing there.

Bishop Francis Asbury, after nearly 200 years, is still making news. The latest is the restoration of his home as a Methodist shrine in West Bromwich, England, a thing we noted in the 175th anniversary issue [see *Asbury in Anecdotes,* November, 1959, page 38]. Now a wire service from overseas comes along to add a somewhat unusual bit of information about the home of the father of Methodism in America. The four-room, 17th-century brick cottage where he once lived was at one time attached to the malthouse of a tavern called the Malt Shovel!

Chloe Cook Sloan, author of this month's *Personal Testimony* [page 13] once won $300—the top prize—on a quiz show. But, she explains, "that was when quiz shows were in their infancy, and there was no 'fixing.'" She also won $25 war bonds on other quiz programs (in the days before the rewards soared into hundreds of thousands of dollars). But nothing thrilled her more, she says, than having her first published article in TOGETHER.

Our Cover: That snowplow must have been a welcome sight to **Carl Hibdon** of La Grange Park, Ill., who has some 5,000 color slides of scenes from coast to coast. Mr. Hibdon tells us he took the picture while waiting for the plow to clear a road on the south approach of Mount Lassen in California.

—YOUR EDITORS

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Together 740 N. RUSH STREET CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

Together continues *Christian Advocate*, founded in 1826 as "an entertaining, instructive, and profitable family visitor." It is an official organ of The Methodist Church; because of freedom given authors opinions may not reflect official concurrence.

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Selected Bits from Your

Letters

Wesley's Strange Carriage

W. M. DARLINGTON
Neligh, Nebr.

Your illustration in *His Mother Called Him 'Jackie'* [November, 1959, page 16] shows John Wesley in a one-horse carriage attached to the horse only by traces. A single horse should be between

Where, Mr. Wesley, are the shafts?

a pair of shafts . . . otherwise this vehicle could not be guided or held back.

That's an old, old print by an unknown artist. But, we agree. He should have known better!—EDS.

'Monument to Methodist Layman'

MRS. J. L. GARBER
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Thank you for the November, 1959, anniversary edition—a monument to the Methodist layman. I was especially pleased that John Wesley's conviction of the inner experience was included in *What Do Methodists Believe?* [page 58]. This is the powerhouse of The Methodist Church.

'Think and Let Think . . .'

CHESTER A. PENNINGTON, *Pastor*
Minneapolis, Minn.

The anniversary issue was excellent in many ways. This makes one regret all the more its deficiencies. Let me illustrate this with reference to the treatment of Wesley, although the same thing is true in its understanding of Methodism.

Methodists should be told someday that Wesley never said, "We think and let think." What he did say was quite different.

He affirmed three doctrines which are unquestionably believed by Methodists (the inspiration and authority of Scripture, and the deity of Christ). Then, and only then, did he say, "*But as to all opinions which do not strike at the root of Christianity,* we think and let think." [Italics supplied.]

It is said that Wesley had a great "concern for people." But it is never indicated *why* he was so concerned . . . and this is the most important fact of all. The answer is: He believed that Christ had died for all men and that men were dying for lack of this message. This—translated into 20th century terms—is the basic reason for the church.

Thanks to Dr. Sockman

MRS. RUTH BLACKBURN
Logan, W. Va.

Thank you for Dr. Sockman's *What Do Methodists Believe?* [November, 1959, p. 58]. Only a short while ago, my sister and I were discussing various churches and doctrines, and we both confessed we weren't too sure whether either of us knew what we Methodists believe. We came to the conclusion that, after more than 40 years in The Methodist Church, it was high time we found out.

Old Chapel Well Remembered

MRS. THOMAS B. SMITH
Jackson, Mo.

It was a real pleasure to find a large painting of our old McKendree Chapel in *Methodism Spans the Mississippi* [November, 1959, page 2]. This chapel stands about three miles east of our town, Jackson, and eight miles northwest of Cape Girardeau. About once a year, for many years, Bishop Holt has held services there. There are several direct descendants in our church of members of the old McKendree Chapel, the oldest standing Methodist church west of the Mississippi.

John Street Highlights Trip

MRS. PAUL BINGHAM
Aberdeen, Md.

Thank you for such a nice anniversary issue. We have a special reason for thanking you, because through this issue we decided to visit John Street Church last weekend when we were in New York City. [See *The Three Roots of American Methodism,* November, 1959, page 25.]

We are glad we did; it was a most inspiring religious experience. Suddenly, Methodism took on a new meaning

and vitality. It was the high light of our trip and we hope every Methodist, when in New York City, will make it a must to attend services there.

She Missed Barnabas

MRS. OLIVE H. JIMISON
North Highlands, Calif.

I sorely missed the customary book section in November. When I first started reading TOGETHER I ignored *Barnabas*, but when I had the measles a year and a half ago I ran out of reading material and turned to that section. Before I knew it, I had all the back issues out and was making a long list of books for a librarian friend to bring me.

Thank you for the marvelous variety of subjects you cover and the interesting way you put them.

Hymn Reprints Are Ready

MABEL WILLIAMS, *Secretary*
Central Avenue Methodist Church
Kansas City, Kans.

We have noted the Bishops' *Proclamation* [November, 1959, page 86], also comments for using the Commemoration Hymn at services on December 27. Will copies of the song be available?

Yes—in sheet reprints at $2.50 per hundred. They may be ordered from any Cokesbury Book Store (see list on page 12). Indications are that this new hymn (to the tune of Hark! the Herald Angels Sing) *was widely used during the 175th Anniversary Week—and will be for years to come.*—EDS.

Adventurous British Methodists

T. D. MEADLEY, *Principal*
Cliff College Training Home and Mission, Calver, England

A copy of TOGETHER has just been forwarded to me by a former student. We were particularly interested because of *British Methodism Is Different* [July, 1959, page 24]. Imagine our surprise

Found in the line: his former students.

when we found a photograph of a group of last year's students supporting the Rev. Joe Blinco in his Sheffield campaign!

It is just over two years since I became principal of this lay evangelists' college, once known as "The Joyful

Wins Gold Ribbon at State Fair for her

Pronto Rolls

"I've received many requests for my Pronto Parker House Rolls . . . and they're so quick and easy to make," says Mrs. Lewis Haight of York, who won the new Gold Ribbon for yeast baking at the Nebraska State Fair. "But be sure to use Fleischmann's Yeast—the kind most prize-winning cooks prefer. It's so fresh and fast rising my yeast baking turns out perfect every time.

"Get Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast and try my recipe soon. It's the same one that won me the Gold Ribbon and fifty-dollar premium!"

PRONTO PARKER HOUSE ROLLS

1¾ cups milk
⅓ cup sugar
1 tablespoon salt
6 tablespoons soft shortening
2 packages Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast
½ cup warm (not hot) water
2 eggs, beaten
7½ to 8 cups sifted flour

Scald milk, add sugar, salt and shortening. Cool to lukewarm. Dissolve yeast in the warm water and add to the cooled milk mixture. Beat eggs until light and add. Beat in about half of flour, making a stiff batter. Mix in remaining flour, or enough to make a soft, but easily handled dough. Turn out on a lightly floured board and knead until smooth and elastic. Put in greased bowl. Brush top with soft shortening. Cover and let rise in warm place until doubled in bulk. Roll out on board to ¼-inch thickness. Cut with round cutter. Brush with melted butter, crease and fold over. Put close together on greased pan. Let rise till light. Bake 12 to 15 minutes in 375° to 400° oven. Cool on wire rack.

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Under the direction of its founder and president, Dr. Ethel Percy Andrus, noted educator and nationally recognized leader in senior affairs, AARP offers its members many privileges in addition to its health insurance program. Here are a few:

A Message from Dr. Ethel Percy Andrus

President of AARP

"I am sure that you have already read about the work now being done by the American Association of Retired Persons in the important fields of health and financial security.

"I extend an invitation to everyone, age 65 or over, to join AARP and learn about this amazing coverage under which so many thousands of our members now have permanent protection.

"This latest accomplishment marks another milestone in our Association's history of providing better living for America's elder citizens. It takes its honored place alongside the other special services to our members.

"The current enrollment period is now open. Please read the material carefully."

AARP's Drug Buying Service enables members to obtain needed drugs and prescriptions at savings of 25% off the regular retail price.

AARP members also receive practical help, counsel and information through the two AARP publications: Modern Maturity Magazine and the AARP News Bulletin.

AARP's Travel Service offers substantial savings on guided group tours to Europe and elsewhere, bringing to members the joys of travel with people their own age—at a leisurely pace and at prices well within the reach of modest budgets.

AARP has a strong local and national legislative program to improve and safeguard the welfare of elder citizens — it is active in the fields of housing and nursing home care.

All these privileges and services can be yours as a member of AARP. You can join whether you are employed or retired.

HERE'S ALL YOU DO

You will find it to your advantage to get all the facts about AARP's health insurance — in time for the current enrollment period. SEND NO MONEY. Simply fill out and mail the coupon below to American Association of Retired Persons, Dept. 142, Colonial Building, 15th St., N.W., Washington 5, D.C. and we will rush you complete details by mail—plus a FREE copy of Modern Maturity, AARP's official national magazine.

And when it all arrives, read everything *carefully*, the news about discounts on drugs, low cost travel, and browse through your copy of Modern Maturity. It's a fascinating magazine.

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Some Questions and Answers about AARP Group Insurance

Q. I also have other forms of protection. Will this policy still pay me benefits?

A. Yes, AARP insurance benefits are paid *in cash in addition* to any other protection on which you may collect.

Q. Do I get immediate protection?

A. Yes, there are no waiting periods. You are covered for pre-existing conditions, except that during the first year of protection, you cannot receive benefits for any condition for which you were *hospitalized* during the 12 months immediately preceding the date of claim. (But the policies will cover *all* pre-existing conditions for which medical treatment was given outside the hospital only.)

Q. Can this protection ever be denied me?

A. No. Protection under either of AARP's Plans cannot be denied you *for any reason* if you are 65 or over and belong to the American Association of Retired Persons.

Q. Can my policy ever be cancelled?

A. No. Your policy cannot be cancelled so long as the Master Contract remains in force and you continue to pay your premiums as an AARP member.

Q. Do I continue to get paid if I go into the hospital more than once?

A. Yes. There is no restriction as to the number of times you may enter a hospital for different causes. Even claims for the same or related causes need only be separated by six months.

Q. Can I enroll for AARP insurance at any time?

A. No, you can only enroll during the present enrollment period . . . re-opened because of the success of this insurance and in response to urgent requests from those not yet protected.

Q. Can my spouse also join?

A. Yes, the spouse of any insured member is eligible regardless of age.

Q. What are the exceptions to the coverage?

A. Illness or injuries caused by war or those covered by Workmen's Compensation or Occupational Disease Law; confinement in a VA or government owned or operated hospital.

Q. Who underwrites this Plan?

A. The Continental Casualty Company, Chicago, Illinois, one of the largest insurance companies in the world.

Q. Does the AARP employ salesmen who will call on me?

A. No one will call on you and you will not be bothered personally. You enroll by returning the Enrollment Card and you cannot join any other way.

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That December Cover Girl . . .

LUCILLE M. RHODES
Binghamton, N.Y.

I'm always wondering what each TOGETHER cover will convey. Being a second-grade teacher, I find December's

The secret of her smile is solved.

cover is most alluring. In fact it seems to say:

The Child
With the rapture of innocence on her face
The child inquiring in eager gaze
Not just of the tinsled tree
But the radiant glow of the star shining for Thee.
Its light still shines as of the night of his birth
No wonder she is so full of mirth!

About General Shoup, USMC

JOSEPH C. BRIDGERS
Captain, U.S. Marine Corps
Parris Island, S.C.

Your article in *Unusual Methodists* [December, 1959, page 33] on Gen. David M. Shoup is most interesting. As you may know, General Shoup had been chief of staff of the Marine Corps in Washington, D.C., with the rank of lieutenant general, but on Jan. 1, 1960, assumed the duties of commandant of the Corps with the rank of general.

Let's Check Church Fires!

M. FRANK WOOTEN, JR.
Maitland, Fla.

Nine Churches Burned Today [December, 1959, page 16] distressed me. The loss ratio, the typical small insurance coverage, the fact that Methodist churches stand second on the list were news to me.

My question is: What is being done about it? Do you know the answer, or could you tell me where I might get it?

Why not start with your local fire-insurance agent?—EDS.

Glass Doors for Churches?

WILLIAM R. SULLIVAN
Los Angeles, Calif.

Big business finds it helpful to have glass doors. Perhaps our churches should adopt this idea. If the public could see the inside of more of our churches, people might become more familiar with them and start to attend.

Guernica vs. Blue Madonna

A. D. HOLTRY, *Pastor*
First Methodist Church
Holstein, Iowa

May I protest vigorously the presentation of Picasso's *Guernica* [December, 1959, page 14] as "the best present-day Protestant religious picture." Even an untrained eye such as mine fails to see any real art in such horrible, grotesque figures. The ghastly thing is repulsive. Its contrast to the beauty and simplicity of *The Blue Madonna* by Frank Wesley [page 37] is especially striking.

He Speaks Up for Picasso

FLOYD E. BREWER
St. Paul, Minn.

I was happily surprised to see in the December, 1959, issue photos of Picasso's *Guernica* and *The Blue Madonna.* Too many people have become so interested in science and material things that they have forgotten God.

As a professional artist, I believe the more people we can get interested in appreciating and participating in contemporary art, the less crime we will have and the happier people will be. I believe that contemporary creative art can be a tool to get people better acquainted with their religion. These two paintings are fine examples of what I mean, for they give their message through emotional impact instead of photographic realism.

Broad-minded, but——!

JOE J. VERNON
Garland, Tex.

I am curious as to the purpose of publishing the Picasso *Guernica.* First, the artist represents anything but a character worthy of having his endeavors grace the pages of an American religious publication.

Secondly, his open embracement of the teachings of Communism should bar him from a Methodist magazine.

Thirdly, I hope I am as broad-minded as the next person, but I have searched this thing with everything but infrared lighting and fail to find any artistic beauty that cannot be bettered by my six-year-old son.

Together / NEWSLETTER

CONCERNED BUT HOPEFUL. Methodism's Television, Radio, and Film Commission has told the Federal Trade Commission, NBC, and CBS that it is concerned with the causes of rigged TV, "payola," and "very poor taste and low sex standards" of Hollywood films. It also is opposing censorship as a threat to personal and religious freedom. TRAFCO's hope: the industry will clean itself up.

U.S.: 'TRULY CHRISTIAN'? Dr. Willard M. Wickizer, National Council of Churches vice-president for home missions, wants a six-year study made of American life as a step toward a long-range program for co-operative Protestantism. The study, he feels, may lead eventually to a "truly Christian nation." Dr. Wickizer made the proposal to the NCC's joint assembly of foreign and home missions divisions.

BEER ADS DUMPED. Protests to the Treasury Department's Alcohol and Tobacco Tax unit by religious and temperance groups have brought cancellation by the U.S. Brewers Federation of the balance of a series of two-page magazine ads. They carry the slogan, "Good for You." Protesters alleged the series violated a federal law prohibiting misleading advertising or representation that alcoholic beverages have beneficial effects. The Barley and Malt Federation also dropped a series of 13 full-page advertisements.

SPOTLIGHT ON LAYMEN. Dr. E. Stanley Jones, veteran missionary-evangelist, speaking to ministers in Fort Worth, recently declared the next great spiritual awakening will come through Christian laymen, "the great untapped source of power in the Church today."

39,000 BIRTHDAY PARTIES. Methodist Information estimates that between last December 27 and January 3 some 39,000 churches celebrated the 175th anniversary of the official organization of the denomination in the U.S.

$4 MILLION FOR BIBLES. The advisory council of the American Bible Society has recommended a $4-million annual budget to meet increased needs for Bible distribution.

(*More church news page 68*)

Worship in comfort with individual seating by

HEYWOOD-WAKEFIELD EST. 1826

More and more places of worship are featuring individual comfort and privacy with Heywood-Wakefield seating. Tastefully designed and manufactured to highest quality standards, chairs are available with a variety of hymnal racks and aisle ends adapted to your specific requirements. Write for folder illustrating many models.

HEYWOOD-WAKEFIELD COMPANY
Church Seating Division
MENOMINEE, MICHIGAN

YOU CAN SAVE YOUR HEARING!

The United States Public Health Service has published a booklet of vital interest to all who care about their hearing. This booklet, entitled "How to Protect Your Hearing," tells what can cause a loss of hearing, and how to guard against losing your hearing. It offers valuable suggestions to those who have suffered a hearing loss. It explains the problems of hearing difficulties in children. To obtain a free copy of this reliable, authoritative booklet, simply fill out the coupon below.

FREE BOOKLET

For your free copy of "How to Protect Your Hearing," plus descriptive literature on Zenith Hearing Aids, just write:

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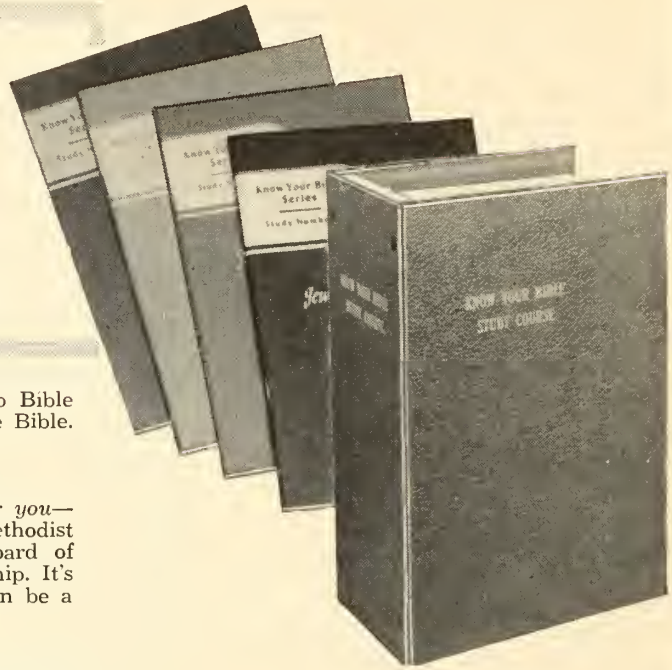
CITY ZONE STATE

Now It's Here—A New Way for You to Come To Know Your Bible—And Understand It!

The Weekday KNOW YOUR BIBLE STUDY GROUP PLAN



Yes, here's an idea you'll welcome. It's a plan for group Bible study—designed to teach you to know and understand the Bible. It's simple and adaptable to any church or group.

This Program Was Planned for You—the Layman!

The Weekday Know Your Bible Study Group Plan is for *you*—the layman. It's being promoted throughout the entire Methodist Church, sponsored jointly by The Methodist General Board of Education and Cokesbury. It encourages adult lay leadership. It's so simple that any layman with reasonable preparation can be a group leader.

You'll Like the Informal, Fellowship Groups

This plan calls for getting an interested group of people together during the week for a study of the Bible over an indefinite period of time. It emphasizes the value of informal, small groups where each member has opportunity to participate. Groups meet in homes where possible or in small groups at the church. You may have as many groups as you desire. This is an excellent project for your class, adult fellowship or anyone interested in learning more about their Bible.

Studies may be carried on for an indefinite period of time and are conducted at any rate or sequence the groups desire.

What These Groups Will Do for You

First, you'll come into a fuller knowledge of the Bible. Your personal life will be immeasurably enriched, both from the standpoint of cultural appreciation and spiritual overflow. Your worship experiences will deepen and you'll find yourself enjoying your church school classes and minister's sermons more. You'll be able to teach your children about the Bible and answer their questions better.

GET THESE MATERIALS FREE!

Organize a Weekday Know Your Bible Study Group in your church now. Order a supply of the Know Your Bible booklets (those you do not use may be returned to us for full credit) and we'll send you these materials free:

1. To the pastor, a complete set of the *Know Your Bible Series*, with binder.
2. A 15x22-inch poster with all study subjects listed and registration blanks at bottom for you to place in a conspicuous place in your church.
3. Series of 6x9 posters for promotion.
4. Announcement copy for church bulletins.
5. Suggested letter copy announcement for entire church.
6. Suggested copy for your church bulletins on each unit of study.
7. Suggested copy for post cards to be mailed to your church members.
8. Wallet size membership card for every person who joins a Know Your Bible Group.

Organize your group now—
Write for a complete descriptive folder today!

Add state sales tax where it applies

The KNOW YOUR BIBLE SERIES

Use these booklets in your groups as your study guides. This series of 12 study booklets on the entire Bible is written by Dr. Roy L. Smith. Dr. Smith covers all the Bible in these booklets, using the question and answer method. Written in simple, easy-to-understand language, offering a variety of plans. (AP)

1. How Your Bible Grew Up (Introduction)
2. The Bible and the First World State
3. Writing Scripture Under Dictators
4. Refugees Who Wrote Scripture
5. The First Jewish Bible
6. Jewish Thinkers and Propagandists
7. Jewish Wit, Wisdom and Worship
8. Paul Launches the New Testament
9. Paul Writes Scripture in Prison
10. Three Letters and Five Tracts
11. The John Books
12. Three Gospels and a History

Set of Twelve Books in maroon imitation leather binder ..... *postpaid*, $4.95

Set of Twelve "Know Your Bible" Books without binder ..... *postpaid*, $3.50

Binder, only. Postage extra; wt., 1 lb., 8 ozs. $3.00
Each Book ..... *postpaid*, 35¢
Any Six Books ..... *postpaid*, $1.90

Any Twelve Books ..... *postpaid*, $3.50

Handbook. A new addition to the series. Written by Dr. Charles M. Laymon, editor of *The International Lesson Annual*. An ideal guide on how to organize your groups and how to use the study booklets. ..... *postpaid*, 35¢

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What Makes AMERICA Great

By CHLOE COOK SLOAN

Members of two great faiths co-operate to prove that brotherhood is the foundation of religious freedom.

THE APPROACH of Brotherhood Week February 21 to 28 reminds me of the time a Jewish visitor found himself strolling through downtown Nashville, Tenn., one Sunday morning. Noticing unusual activity at a synagogue, he entered and glanced around at the worshipers.

"My, this is a liberal group," he thought to himself. As the service progressed he was even more surprised and finally at the end, he left, muttering: "This is *really* a liberal group."

The out-of-towner had walked in on a service of the Vine Street Christian Church—in a synagogue!

I first learned of this unusual fellowship between two faiths one New Year's Eve when a friend invited me to attend watch-night services at her church. I'm a Methodist, but my friend is a member of the Vine Street Christian Church which, at that time, was next door to the synagogue, known to most people in and around Nashville as the Temple.

I was prepared, of course, for an order of worship somewhat different from familiar Methodist procedure. But I was surprised when I listened to a book review—by the synagogue's rabbi.

Such demonstrations of neighborly co-operation, I learned, were common, and for 40 years proved a source of strength and understanding which yielded untold benefits to the members of both congregations.

The Vine Street story has many chapters. There was, to cite but one example, the time the odor of fresh paint lingered too long in the Protestants' newly decorated sanctuary. At the invitation of the Temple, the Christian congregation moved next door for its regular Sunday-morning services. Again, in World War II, when the Rev. Roger T. Nooe, then the pastor of the Christian congregation, was too old to undertake military service, the Christian church proudly added a star to its own service flag when Rabbi Julius Marks of the Temple enlisted as a Jewish chaplain.

In recent years, Dr. Nooe has retired, treasuring a minister's robe presented to him by the Temple. Rabbi Marks has gone to New York to become chief rabbi of Temple Emanuel. Both congregations have moved from downtown and now are several miles apart—but four decades of brotherhood aren't forgotten. While its new church was under construction the Christian congregation worshiped in the Temple. And each year the congregations still enjoy an annual brotherhood meeting. More recently, Belmont Methodist Church, also in Nashville, has been the site of similar meetings, bringing together Christians and their Jewish neighbors.

To me, these two peoples' understanding reflects the freedom that, down through the years, has made America great. For, of the many freedoms we all enjoy, freedom of religion is by no means the least.

Can he swing Khrushchev to his way? Soon the President will be in Russia—and here a bishop and two laymen with Moscow experience propound questions for him to ask the Soviet leader.

A Letter to Mr. Eisenhower

From Gerald Kennedy,
Bishop, Los Angeles Area, The Methodist Church

Bishop Kennedy: In the East-West struggle, one system must fall.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:

Soon, God willing, you will be going to Russia. The eyes and hopes of men of good will everywhere will be on you as you resume your talks with Mr. Khrushchev. It is no exaggeration to say that the fate of the world may hinge in large measure on the results of your visit.

Your advisers, of course, are giving you the best possible guidance as you make your plans. What I, a private American citizen, can contribute may be very little. But I visited Russia shortly before Mr. Khrushchev toured our country. In my journeys, I was struck by several important things—by trends, by dangers, by Communist talking points—which, in my opinion, merit your consideration. And there are a few questions I'd like to suggest you ask Mr. Khrushchev.

The first thing you might ask the premier is whether he realizes that Russia is moving toward capitalism. Russian farmers now are given bonuses for efficient farming. People receive 3 per cent on savings. Installment payments are being introduced. There is as wide a variety of salaries and privileges for different jobs as there is here. Better accommodations on trains and ships are available for people with money. There is the promise of private houses which they insist are not to be confused with "private property" but are to be something called "personal property." I never got the difference quite clear.

They are moving in our direction because they want what we have. The Soviet exhibit in New York was a good show, but the products shown there are not obtainable in Russia. The Russian-made cars in New York are not being driven on the streets of Moscow. Food stores shown the Americans are strangely lacking in Stalingrad. But they are making great progress.

Next, Mr. President, I wish you would ask Mr. Khrushchev exactly what he means when he speaks of religion in Russia.

The official position is atheistic; every new generation becomes more hostile to believers. With us, no man wakes on Sunday morning facing the risk of being seen at church by a boss who might hold it against him. No parent has to decide whether he has a right to jeopardize his children's careers by taking them to worship God.

The Soviet government will deny that this is true, but I happen to know it is. To the leaders, it is a small price to pay for the strength that comes from the elimination of debate and nonconformity. You can hardly miss what you have never had, and so how important is freedom to people who have never had it? But ask the Christians in East Berlin and Prague what freedom means. To them,

I know, it is just about as important as air to breathe.

I did not preach in Russia or even speak a greeting to a congregation. Sometime ago Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas spoke in a Baptist church in Tashkent and said something displeasing to the government. Now there is a law that no foreigner can speak in any church without special government permission. Does Mr. K claim this is freedom of speech? Does he claim it is freedom of religion?

Actually, the men in the Kremlin are offering their people a new religion. It is supposed to be materialistic and practical, but it is developing all the mystical overtones of a new Los Angeles cult.

I joined the line, which sometimes is nearly two miles long, and went down into the tomb where the bodies of Lenin and Stalin are on display. There is silence and solemnity. Even a sophisticated American feels the atmosphere of worship as he passes slowly by the two bodies. This is the cult's holy of holies.

In some places there is a ceremony which resembles Christian Baptism. The parents present the baby to the state and appropriate sentiments are expressed. There is something resembling a confirmation service as 13-year-olds are inducted into citizenship. The state marries and the state furnishes a truck to transport the corpse to the cemetery. Blessed be the name of the state!

The Russians speak of spiritual matters, though a better term could be morale. There are great meetings where mass emotion is manipulated with skill and directed toward worship of the state. This new religion will brook no competition for the souls of men and it has not only the power of the government behind it, but guns and bombs. It is too clever to drive the Christians underground, but it keeps them helpless and futile in a gradually narrowing vise.

Anyone can see the advantage of a religion with no conflicting theologies and no differing organizations. There will be no voice of God troubling a man's conscience until he speaks out against the state's tyranny over the individual. It does create a drabness in society and a sadness in the heart. But it creates also a fanaticism in young men and women if it succeeds in getting them early enough.

I remember the young lady who was guiding and lecturing us at the Moscow Exposition complaining that "Americans are not disciplined." She was criticizing my party for drifting away in twos and threes to be on their own. Russians have become group people with a vengeance.

When Mr. Khrushchev speaks glowingly of Communism's blessings, why doesn't he explain why a Russian cannot move from one job to another the way a worker does here? Or why the professional man is used only where he is needed by the government, instead of being allowed to nail up his shingle wherever he has paid a month's rent? The Russian people read only one news release. They never have to decide between the party in power and the opposition. In the bookstores no Russian can buy *Dr. Zhivago* because the leaders have ruled that, in spite of the Nobel Prize, it is not good writing. Over here we will continue to read anything from *Lady Chatterly's Lover* to *Little Women*.

I would like to hear Mr. Khrushchev's answer, too, if you ask him specifically what he means by "peaceful coexistence." Let us live together, he suggests, with each of us going his own way. Do not keep your guard up, he advises us; get rid of nasty suspicions. Russia, he says, does not want war—and I believe him. War would upset their plans and schedules. The Russian people are desperate for peace and their leaders are smart enough to remember Stalingrad and the Nazi occupation.

I do not believe that war is inevitable. But I do not believe, either, that these two systems can live side by side without one going down. For the first time in history, we are facing a terrible enemy who denies the very basis of our life. The beliefs by which we live, the Russians ridicule; the faith that has undergirded our growth, they hate. Have you ever seen a nation built on atheism? Where, I ask myself, do you begin to negotiate? Where do you find a meeting place?

> *"If a nation values anything more than freedom, it will lose its freedom; and the irony of it is that if it is comfort or money that it values more, it will lose that, too."*
>
> W. Somerset Maugham
> *English author*

The Soviets are full of pride and confidence, and they believe firmly that the ultimate victory is theirs. They tell about how far they have come and they describe their dreams of the future. Their young people are committed to the Russian state and the Communist philosophy with a single-minded devotion that is frightening. I saw a generation with no doubts about its future and certain triumph.

The issue is joined at last. Either God is, or he is not. Either a man is of value only as a citizen, or he is of value in himself because God created him. Either Christianity is true, or Communism is true—but not both. God willing, we shall escape war, but we shall not escape the toughest fight we have ever fought. Coexistence is a pleasant term, but one of these systems is going down.

It does not make it easier to learn that the weapons of the conflict are of the spirit. That the outcome will be determined by our faith is even more frightening. Do we believe that what we have is worth great sacrifices? Have we any real understanding of what freedom costs? Do we have any compelling vision for the world of tomorrow? I tremble when I realize how much depends on the churches of the free world.

These, Mr. President, are some of the thoughts, the problems, the questions which you may want to carry with you as you visit Mr. Khrushchev in his homeland. May God be with you in your journeys, our nation prays.

For Two Postscripts Please Turn Page

p.s. no. 1

Selected as an average homemaker from America, Mrs. Titus was at the U.S. Exhibition in Moscow to show Russian women how she sews for herself and family at home in Huntington, W. Va. The visitors who thronged the exhibit received sample American patterns (right). Mrs. Titus is a member of Huntington's First Church.

By MRS. DON H. TITUS

DURING my seven weeks with the American National Exhibition in Moscow, I met thousands of Russians face to face. Of course, I didn't get to know any of them well, but I certainly gained some distinct impressions of life in the Soviet Union. When I returned home, only a few days after Mr. Khrushchev's whirlwind tour of the U.S., I was astonished at some of the claims he had made about his country. Like Bishop Kennedy, I have some questions, Mr. President, which I'd like Mr. K to answer.

I do not doubt that Russia has made great advances. Their scientists and engineers have proved their technical skill. But in his supposed concern for the welfare of his millions of comrades, how can Mr. K justify spending staggering sums on rockets and satellites when the average Russian is being denied even simple necessities?

Take such an ordinary standard as cleanliness. Can Mr. Khrushchev explain the scarcity of soap in his country? Why does a bath towel cost $10? And even in some of the new apartment houses, of which Mr. K boasts so loudly, why must residents carry water from a common tap?

Clothing, too, is expensive in terms of the average wage earner's ability to purchase. A chauffeur's salary, for instance, is $90 a month; a pair of men's shoes cost $40. Having enough money to buy only two or three small pieces of clothing a year, the ordinary Russian must wear an outfit many days without washing or cleaning. (The primitive dry-cleaning methods often leave holes in the fabric.) Is cleanliness a luxury, and are bombs necessities, in the workingman's paradise?

And what about housing? An engineer, a member of one of the "classless" society's favored groups, beamed as he told me that he and his family of six had been allowed at last to move into the luxury of a three-room apartment.

True, much construction is going on, but materials are so inferior that buildings erected only recently already look old. Our exhibition hall was typical. Cement dust fell constantly from the walls and ceilings. The combination of dust and cheap perfume, plus the heavy odor of clothing worn too long, at times made the air around our crowded booth almost unbearable. The Russians had to sprinkle the floor twice a day merely to settle the dust.

Then I'd like to ask the premier about the Russians' diet. To me, it appeared to consist primarily of meat and potatoes. Few fresh fruits and vegetables or milk products were in evidence. Then, too, with no refrigeration, food must be bought every day —which may require standing three hours in line. Why is this, Mr. K?

Actually, of course, Russians queue up for everything—food, clothing, tickets for any kind of entertainment, even to visit their national shrine, the glass-encased bodies of Lenin and Stalin. Seeing the lines of waiting people, I was impressed by their strange silence and couldn't help thinking, "What a subdued race of people!" Has the Soviet premier an explanation to offer for his people's tranquilized attitude?

Touring Lenin Library, one of the world's largest, I was surprised to find comparatively few people using its facilities. In contrast, at our American exhibit, books had to be nailed down. There were always crowds around this display, and everything from mail-order catalogues to encyclopedias was thoroughly thumbed. Some of the Russians even took notes from our books on the history of their own country. In the art museums I found some rooms were roped off, and only certain persons were permitted to enter them. Is even culture censored in the Soviet Union?

I noticed, too, that Russians attending the exhibition, though apparently willing to be friendly, seemed furtive. I felt they were afraid they might be seen talking too long with an American, or looking too covetously at the displays of American goods, or absorbing too much "capitalist propaganda." Just what does Mr. K fear his people will learn from us?

In packing for my trip, I forgot a calendar. Without one, I had difficulty keeping track of days in the week, primarily because in Russia there is no indication of the Sabbath. There are no church bells, no closed stores, no decrease in traffic. Mr. Khrushchev's government regards churches, not as places of worship, but as museums.

Members of our American group who wanted to go to church were almost completely frustrated. One girl, for example, gave a cab driver an address where religious services were being held—and was taken for a three-hour ride. I'd like Mr. Khrushchev to tell me, does all this add up to freedom of religion?

When the Soviet leader was on his tour here, he made several references to God. Mr. President, I'd like to know what he means when he uses that word. I'm sure, if they had heard him, many Russian people would be asking for an answer, too.

p.s. no. 2

By RICHARD W. JUDY

Mr. Judy was an early participant in the U.S.-Russian exchange of students. He returned after a year's study at Moscow University and presently is at the Harvard University Russian Research Center. He belongs to First Church in Mankato, Kans.

BISHOP KENNEDY writes that we are faced with the toughest fight we have ever fought. He is right. Christianity is not alone in this struggle, for Communism denies the validity of all religions and philosophies which assert that each human being is inherently valuable.

Those who believe, with Jefferson, that all men "are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights" and that "to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, and derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," find themselves arrayed on the same side of the barricade. They are joined by all those who believe in individual independence, in freedom of thought, opinion, and expression, and the immortality of man.

What is the enemy like? What is his strategy for conquest in the struggle? On what battlefields will the fight be won or lost? How well prepared are we for the clash? Where are we strong, and where are we weak?

The enemy is strong, but strength without will and faith is like muscle without nerve. The enemy's driving force, as Bishop Kennedy notes, is religion. The fact that this religion is secular does not deprive it of the power that all true religions possess, a power grounded deeply in faith. Christians believe in God. Communists believe in the laws and forces of history.

They believe that science has enabled men to discover these laws, that Marxism-Leninism is the scientific exposition of these laws, and that these laws are on their side. They believe that the victory in the struggle of "peaceful coexistence" will belong to that system which can provide men with the highest standard of material well-being.

They believe this with all the force and conviction that a devout Christian or Moslem believes in his religion. The belief that the laws of history are on his side gives a man no less will, resolve, and determination than the belief that God is with him. The belief that his cause is holy removes man's doubts, hesitations, and fears; it galvanizes his will as nothing else can.

Communists are qualitatively unlike members of other political parties; they are more akin to Crusaders than to Democrats or Republicans. Those in the West who persist in regarding the leaders of the Soviet Union and of international Communism as selfish bandits, murderers, and thieves are contriving to underestimate the seriousness of the situation.

That murder and thievery are means they do not hesitate to use is not to be denied; but no man pursuing a course which he regards as selfish and evil can generate one tenth the inflexible will power that a man can who sees himself a selfless warrior for a holy cause. This is not to say that there are not opportunists in the Communist ranks who are there for selfish reasons, but the majority are convinced of the rightness and justness of their cause.

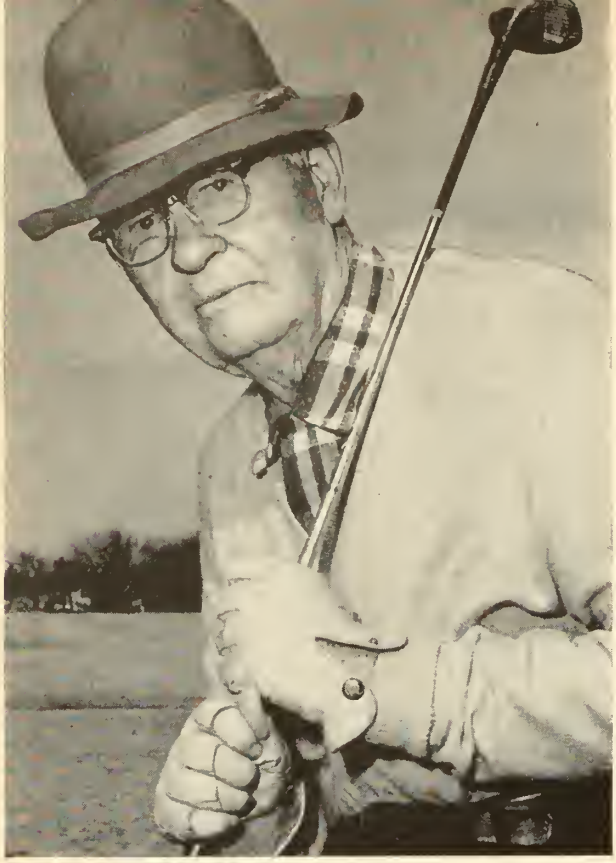
What is the significance of faith in the present situation? The significance lies in the fact that our whole civilization, its ethics, its morals, its concept of man in relation to his fellow man and God, are under attack. It is under attack by a religious force which has a definite plan for the future, a definite system for solving the economic and social problems which face mankind, and the determination to carry out these plans.

It does not matter that the majority of the people in the Soviet Union are apathetic and indifferent to the grandiose plans that their leaders harbor. The important thing is that those leaders sit at the top of a system in which all the resources of society can be mobilized and directed toward ends which the leaders think worth-while. The leaders, the members of the Communist Party, constitute an elite priesthood; they are fanatically devoted to their cause and they employ all the levers that modern science has placed at their disposal to direct the efforts of the nation.

What is the situation with us? Do we have a deep faith in the values of our civilization? Are we convinced that our ideals about man's place in a society and in the face of God are worth fighting for? Are we willing to learn what are the problems facing ourselves domestically and mankind generally? Are we prepared to make the sacrifices which will be necessary to solve these problems?

It is not easy to escape pessimistic answers to these questions. Is it possible that the West, including the United States, has embraced the worship of material things which, carried to its logical conclusion, leads to the philosophical position occupied by the Communists? Is it possible that the great ideals of our Christian civilization, of the Enlightenment, and of our own independence have been replaced by a hedonism which debilitates our will to fight for those ideals?

The Communist leaders are pursuing their goals with a zeal and determination based upon the faith that the laws of historical development are on their side. If the values which we profess to hold dear are to be protected and nurtured, we will have to have a rebirth of faith and belief in their worth. This does not mean merely a verbal restatement of these beliefs; it means a deep recommitment to them and to their worth. Only if this is done will we have the necessary will to shrug off our apathy, hedonism, and complacency, and to make the sacrifices which the struggle demands.



BUSY BISHOP. As a 12-year-old in a one-room Texas school, Hiram A. Boaz had a teacher who saw in him the makings of a U.S. Senator. With her encouragement, he began to prepare for a life of public service. As things turned out, that was exactly the kind of career he followed—but not in the nation's capital. "Like a clap of thunder," the conviction came to the young Texan that he should enter the Methodist ministry. From 1889 to 1938 he served as a pastor, a church-extension secretary, a college and university president, and finally as a bishop of southern Methodism for 17 years, including four directing the church's work in the Orient.

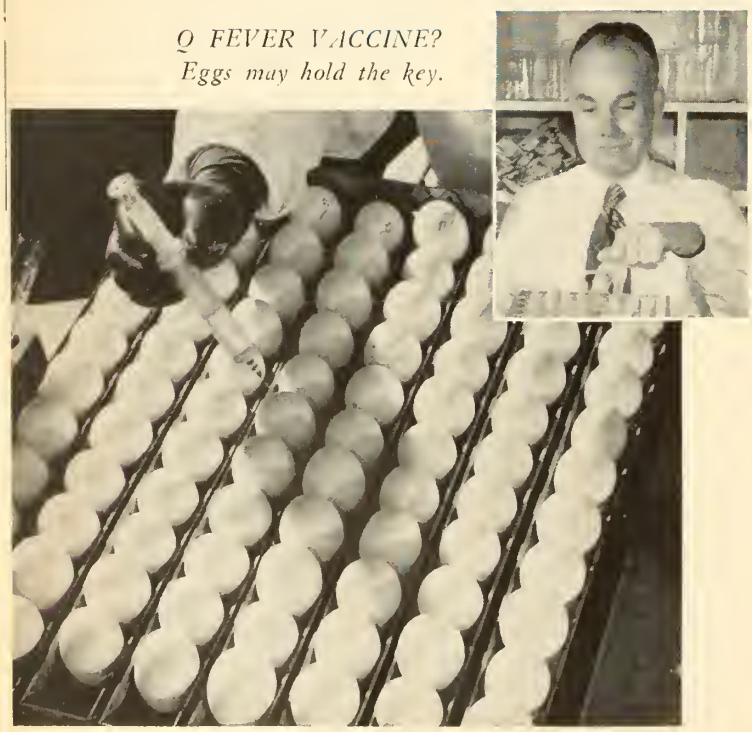
Retirement freed Bishop Boaz, who now lives in Dallas, Tex., from official duties but not from his lifelong habit of serving others. Among his activities since 1938: helping raise $3 million for Southern Methodist University. At 93 he has one other consuming interest—polishing his golf game. He plays at least once a week. Of his success he confides: "My usual score on nine holes is 46. . . . But I seldom shoot my usual score any more."

FAIRWAYS FAN. Bishop Boaz' drive has a real wallop—and so does his fund raising.

Among 10 million Methodists are many people you'd enjoy knowing. Take, for example, these seven

Unusual Methodists

Q FEVER VACCINE? Eggs may hold the key.



'TICKNICIAN.' As a "wild animal tamer," Dr. David B. Lackman uses no pistol or whip, but the adversaries he faces are just as dangerous as a cage full of jungle cats—and far more insidious. Inmates of his menagerie are wood ticks, lice, and fleas, all potential carriers of death-dealing diseases. Dr. Lackman encounters these foes daily at the U.S. Public Health Service's Rocky Mountain Laboratory near Hamilton, Mont., where the work includes preparation of vaccine for dreaded Rocky Mountain spotted fever.

Dr. Lackman's special concern, however, is research into other tick-carried diseases. One such malady, Q fever, is caused by a microbe cousin of the germ that causes spotted fever. The doctor is working to perfect a vaccine to combat it.

To protect their own health, lab staffers are vaccinated against spotted fever at least three times a year. Those like Dr. Lackman, who work in close contact with ticks, take special precautions to keep the bloodsuckers off their bodies.

Reared in Connecticut, Dr. Lackman has been at the Montana lab since 1941. In Hamilton's Methodist Church, he is a regular in the choir's bass section, serves on the official board and the music committee.

SEAL KEEPER. Not all keepers of seals are in the zoo. Clydia Mae Richardson works in the U.S. Department of State in Washington, D.C.—and there this active member of the Chevy Chase, Md., Methodist Church is the keeper (sometimes "guardian") of the great seal of the U.S. That 178-year-old emblem of the nation's sovereignty is used to authenticate official documents signed by the President. Mrs. Richardson first supervises the preparation of these papers. Then, after they are signed, she impresses the seal on round paper wafers, which she attaches to treaties, appointed officials' commissions, communications of the President to the heads of other governments, and similar documents. Mrs. Richardson performs her duties on the mezzanine floor of the main State Department building, where the seal is on permanent exhibit to the public.

Since the seal's design was approved by Congress on June 20, 1782, seven dies have been cut. Like the first six, the seventh seal, now in use, has both obverse and reverse faces, but Mrs. Richardson uses only the obverse side to seal documents. It shows the American eagle clutching a bundle of arrows and an olive branch in its talons. Sound familiar? It ought to; both this face and the reverse side, with its unfinished pyramid and eye of Providence, appear on the back of $1 bills.

DOCUMENT STAMPER. After the President signs his name, Clydia Richardson makes it official.

VOCAL AMBASSADORS. Currently on a 10-month tour of U.S. Methodist churches, four young Southern Rhodesians are truly "Ambassadors." Not only is that their group name as a singing quartet, but they are also ambassadors of 42,000 Rhodesian Methodists. They will climax their tour at the General Conference in Denver, Colo., April 27-May 11. Pictured here, the Ambassadors (left to right) are Dennison Nyamarowa, first tenor; Ben Jambga, first bass; Daniel Kasambira, second tenor, and Josiah Njagu, second bass.

All four are laymen, but on their return to Rhodesia, Dennison will resume his studies at Epworth Theological Seminary preparatory to entering the ministry. Before he decided on this career, the talented tenor was a teacher, devoting much volunteer time to helping organize a new church near Johannesburg.

Ben and Josiah also are teachers, Ben in the schools at Nyadiri Mission and Josiah at Nyamazuwe Mission. Ben directed the church choir at Nyadiri and was lay delegate to the Annual Conference. An active MYF member, Josiah organized fellowships in rural villages and served as a Conference MYF officer.

Daniel, son of a Methodist pastor, is assistant director of the Christian Social Center at Umtali and directs the Hilltop Methodist Church choir in Sakubva.

In their concerts the quartet presents both African and Western music. How do they add realism to their folk music, chants, and festive songs? By using those witch-doctor and animal-skin costumes, and the drums, in the photo at right.

ROVING RHODESIANS. Jungle garb lends realism as the Ambassadors bring Africa's folk music to U.S.

Was it worth risking disgrace to help the poor? This famous fighter for planned parenthood reveals

Why I Went to Jail

By MARGARET SANGER

IT WAS a crisp, bright morning on October 16, 1916, in Brooklyn, N.Y., that I opened the doors of the first birth-control clinic in the United States. I believed then, and do today, that this was an event of social significance in the lives of American womanhood.

Three years before, as a professional nurse, I had gone with a doctor on a call in New York's lower East Side. I had watched a frail mother die from a self-induced abortion. The doctor previously had refused to give her contraceptive information. The mother was one of a thousand such cases; in New York alone there were over 100,000 abortions a year.

That night I knew I could not go on merely nursing, allowing mothers to suffer and die. No matter what it might cost, I was resolved to do something to change the destiny of mothers whose miseries were vast as the sky. It was the beginning of my birth-control crusade.

Although the practical idea of giving contraceptive information in clinics set up for that purpose in Holland had met with governmental approval, the New York State Penal Code declared that only a physician could give birth-control information to anyone—and only then to prevent or cure disease. Always this had been held to mean venereal disease. I wanted the interpretation to be broadened to protect women from ill health as the result of excessive childbearing and to have the right to control their own destinies.

As I was not a physician, I would have no legal protection whatsoever if I gave birth-control information to anyone. But I believed that if a woman must break the law to establish a right to voluntary motherhood, then the law must be broken.

I had been a nurse and my birth-control studies in Holland, where clinics had been operated for 38 years, had qualified me to give contraceptive instruction. My sister, who was also a nurse, could assist me.

Dare I risk it?

I did.

Then, as long as I had to violate the law anyhow, I concluded I might as well violate it on a grand scale by including poverty as a reason for giving contraceptive information. The selection of a suitable locality was of the greatest importance.

The Brownsville section of Brooklyn in 1916 was a hive of activity. Although dingy and squalid, it was crowded with hard-working men and women. An enthusiastic young worker in the cause came from Chicago to help me. Together we tramped the streets one dreary day in early fall, through a driving rainstorm, to find the best location at the cheapest terms. I stopped to inquire from an official of a free-milk station about vacant stores.

"Don't come over here." "We don't want trouble." "Keep out." These and other pleasantries were hurled at me as I darted in and out of rooming houses, asking advice, hoping for welcome.

Finally, at 46 Amboy Street, I found a friendly landlord, a Mr. Rabinowitz, who had two first-floor rooms vacant at $50 a month. This was all the money we had (sent from a friend in California) to finance the clinic.

We bought the necessary furniture as cheaply as we could. And Mr. Rabinowitz himself spent hours painting until the rooms were spotless and snow-white. "More hospital looking," he said.

We had printed about 5,000 handbills in English, Italian, and Yiddish. They read: "Mothers! Can you afford to have a large family? Do you want any more children? If not, why do you have them?

"Do not kill, do not take life, but prevent.

"Safe, harmless information can be obtained of trained nurses at 46 Amboy Street, near Pitkin Avenue, Brooklyn.

"Tell your friends and neighbors. All mothers welcome."

With a small bundle of these notices, we fared forth each morning in a house-to-house canvass.

Would the people come? Nothing could have stopped them!

My colleague, looking out the window, called, "Do come outside and look." Halfway to the corner they stood in line, shawled, hatless, their red hands clasping the chapped smaller ones of their children.

All day long and far into the evening, in ever-increasing numbers they came, over 100 the opening day. Jews and Christians, Protestants and Roman Catholics alike made their confessions to us.

Every day the little waiting room was crowded. The women came in pairs, with friends, married daughters, some with nursing babies clasped in their arms. Women came from the far end of Long Island, the press having spread the word, from Connecticut, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, New Jersey. They came to learn the "secret" which was possessed by the rich and denied the poor.

My sister and I lectured to eight women at a time on the basic techniques of contraception, referring them to a druggist to purchase the necessary equipment. Records were meticulously kept. It was vital to have complete case histories if our work was to have scientific value. We also gave many of the women copies of *What Every Girl Should Know,* a

I spent the night in so filthy a cell I shall never forget it. . . . I lay in my coat, struggling with roaches, as a rat scuttled across the floor.

brief booklet I had written earlier.

Tragic were the stories of the women. One woman told of her 15 children. Six were living. "I'm 37 years old. Look at me! I might be 50!" Then there was a reluctantly pregnant Jewish woman who, after bringing eight children to birth, had had two abortions and heaven knows how many miscarriages. Worn out, not only from housework but from making hats in a sweatshop, nervous beyond words, she cried morbidly, "If you don't help me, I'm going to chop up a glass and swallow it."

I comforted her the best I could, but there was nothing I would do to interrupt her pregnancy. We believed in birth control, not abortion.

But it was not altogether sad; we often were cheered by gayer visitors. The grocer's wife on the corner dropped in to wish us luck, and the jolly old German baker whose wife gave out handbills to everybody passing the door sent us doughnuts. Then Mrs. Rabinowitz would call to us, "If I bring some hot tea now, will you stop the people coming?" The postman delivering his 50 to 100 letters daily had his little pleasantry, "Farewell, ladies; hope I find you here tomorrow."

On the ninth day, a well-dressed, hard-faced woman pushed her way past the humble applicants, gave her name, flaunted a $2 bill, payment for *What Every Girl Should Know,* and demanded immediate attention. My colleague had a hunch she might be a detective, and pinned the bill on the wall and wrote: "Received from Mrs.——— of the Police Department, as her contribution."

Hourly after that we expected trouble. It came the following afternoon at closing hour. The policewoman again pushed her way through the group of patiently waiting women and, striding into my room, snapped peremptorily, "You, Margaret Sanger, are under arrest."

Three plain-clothes men from the vice squad promptly appeared. They herded our women patients into patrol wagons as though they were the inmates of a brothel. Women began to cry; the infants in their arms began to cry. The clinic soon became a bedlam of screams. The raiders confiscated our 464 case histories, a highly unethical act since the reports were confidential intimacies. They also took our pamphlets.

It was half an hour before I could persuade the men to release the poor mothers, whom I assured the best I could that nothing would happen to them.

Newspapermen and photographers joined the throng. It was a neighborhood where a crowd collected by no more gesture than a tilt of the head skyward. This event brought masses of people into the streets.

I was white-hot with indignation and refused to ride in the Black Maria. I insisted on walking the mile to the Raymond Street jail, marching ahead of the raiders, the crowds following.

I spent the night in jail in so filthy a cell I shall never forget it. The mattresses were spotted and smelly. I lay in my coat, struggling with roaches, crying out as a rat scuttled across the floor.

It was not until afternoon that my bail was arranged. As I emerged from the jail I saw waiting in front the woman who had threatened to swallow the glass; she had been there all the time.

I went back at once to reopen the clinic, but Mr. Rabinowitz came running in to say he was sorry—the police had made him sign ejection papers on the ground that I was "maintaining a public nuisance." In Holland the clinics were called "public benefactions."

Again I was arrested. From the rear of the Black Maria, as we rattled away, I heard a scream. It came from a woman wheeling a baby

The Churches Speak Up

MORE AND MORE churches now are taking a stand on birth control—Protestants and Jews increasingly in favor of planned families, Roman Catholic leaders as hotly opposed as ever.

Methodism's General Conference stated our church's position in 1956: "We believe that planned parenthood, practiced in Christian conscience, may fulfill rather than violate the will of God."

The **United Lutheran Church** has said: "Husband and wife are called to exercise the power of procreation responsibly before God. This implies planning their parenthood in accordance with their ability to provide for their children and carefully nurture them in fullness of faith and life."

The **Augustana Evangelical Lutheran Church** has put it in these words: "The means which a married pair uses to determine the numbers and the spacing of the births of their children are a matter for them to decide with their own consciences. . . ."

The General Council of **Congregational Christian Churches:** "We favor the principle of voluntary childbearing, believing that it sacramentalizes physical union and safeguards the well-being of the family and society."

Protestant Episcopal: "We endorse the efforts being made to secure for licensed physicians, hospitals and medical clinics, freedom to convey such information as is in accord with the highest principles of eugenics and a more wholesome family life."

The general synod of the **Evangelical and Reformed Church** has gone on record by officially expressing itself "as supporting the right of married persons to all appropriate medical aid in the wisest planning of their families, and [protesting] the practice of organized minorities which deny them this right through law or pressure on responsible social agencies."

Jewish opinion, too, has been given by the Central Conference of American Rabbis: "We urge the recognition of the importance of the control of parenthood as one of the methods of coping with social problems."

carriage. She left it on the sidewalk, and rushed through the crowd and cried, "Come back and save me!"

The crusade for birth control was actually under way—with jail terms and hunger strikes, and also with popular demonstrations in our behalf. As I reached the depth of despair and public humiliation, something like a miracle occurred. Help and sympathy sprang up on all sides. Legal aid was proffered. Doctors now rallied to my aid. A group of sympathetic and wealthy women in New York promptly formed a Committee of 100 for our defense. Sympathizers even held a mass meeting in Carnegie Hall.

My trial began in Brooklyn on January 29, 1917. About 50 mothers, some equipped with food and pacifiers and extra diapers for their babies, came to court. Timid and distressed, they smiled and nodded, trying to reassure me. Mingled with them were the smartly dressed members of the Committee of 100.

It surprised me that the prosecution should be carried on so vehemently. To me, there seemed to be no argument at all; the last thing in my mind was to deny that I had given birth-control advice. I had deliberately violated the letter of the law. But my lawyer, Jonah J. Goldstein, was trying to get me off with a suspended sentence.

One by one, the Brownsville mothers took the stand. "Have you ever seen Mrs. Sanger before?" asked the District Attorney.

"Yes. At the cleenic."

"Why did you go there?"

"To have her stop the babies."

"Did you get this information?"

"Yes, dank you, I got it. It wass gut, too."

For days the legal arguments went on. At last, one wintry day, Judge John J. Freschi banged his fist on the desk. "All we are concerned about is the statute," he exclaimed. "As long as it remains the law," he asked my attorney, "will this woman promise unqualifiedly to obey it?"

He turned to me. "What is your answer to this question, Mrs. Sanger? Yes or no?"

The whole courtroom seemed to hold its breath.

I spoke out as emphatically as I could. "I cannot promise to obey a law I do not respect."

The tension broke. Women shouted and clapped. The judge demanded order. When it came, he announced, "The judgment of the court is that you be imprisoned for 30 days."

A single cry came from a woman in the corner. "Shame!" It was followed by a sharp rap of the gavel and silence fell. The trial was over.

The next afternoon I was taken to the Queens County Penitentiary in Long Island City.

I can remember the inmates—pickpockets, prostitutes, thieves—somehow they had heard about me and the birth-control movement. One asked me to explain to them about "sex hygiene." When I asked for permission to do so, the matron said, "Ah, gawn wid ye. They know bad enough already."

But I persisted and got my way. I also taught some of the girls to read and write letters. And I kept up with my own writing, planning ahead the birth-control movement.

The next step? To appeal to the highest court possible.

I was released on March 6. No other experience in my life has been more thrilling than that release. When I stepped through the big steel-barred doorway that gray day, the tingling air of outdoors rushed against my face. In front of me stood my attorney, my friends, and coworkers, their voices lifted in the martial strains of *La Marseillaise*. And behind, from the windows of the penitentiary, were the faces of newly made friends, and they, too, were singing for me.

The case of the Brownsville birth-control clinic began its journey through the courts. It was on January 8, 1918, that the momentous decision came. The New York Court of Appeals sustained my conviction, but Judge Frederick E. Crane's liberal interpretation of the law had the effect of permitting physicians to give contraceptive information to a married person for "health reasons." "Disease" was now to include everything in the broad definition of *Webster's International Dictionary*, not just venereal disease, which had been the original understanding.

This opened the clinics, as well as the doctors' offices, to women for birth-control advice throughout the United States.

Once feared as a dangerous radical, Margaret Sanger today is honored by world leaders—as here by India's Nehru.

Curbing the *Population Explosion*

WHEN THAT steel door clanged shut behind Margaret Sanger at the Raymond Street jail back in 1916, it set up reverberations that still echo around the world. With each day adding 100,000 more lives to global population, leaders of many lands are recognizing the threat that mankind may overpopulate itself into starvation. In this they see an immediate threat to efforts to raise standards of living in underdeveloped regions and a threat to world peace.

The rate at which the population boom is outrunning resources and food is indicated in a recent UN forecast which indicates that mankind, having passed the 1-billion mark about 1830 and the 2-billion mark about 1930, will pass 3 billion about 1963. At the present rate, world population will zoom to about 7 billion by the year 2000. Food production is not keeping pace.

Today, birth control is official policy in several countries and is supported through voluntary associations in others. India's government-supervised program, for which $10 million is allocated for the next five years, is beginning to show results. In Japan, 40,000 midwives and nurses are giving contraceptive instruction at 900 health centers. However, abortion, legalized in 1948, is still that nation's most prevalent birth-control practice.

Pakistan's president has characterized family planning as a governmental responsibility. And in Ceylon, where the government has increased its aid to the volunteer Family Planning Association, almost 100 clinics and centers are in operation. Additional impetus was given the program there by a $28,000 pilot-study grant from Sweden.

The family-planning organizations of Hong Kong and Malaya also have received government help for their work. Even the Chinese Reds promoted birth control in 1957, but subsequently reversed this policy. Meanwhile, the population of Red China is believed to have zoomed past the 600 million mark—and these teeming millions threaten to explode in all directions, precipitating chaos and the danger of conflict and war.

The United Arab Republic and several African governments have given encouragement, financial and otherwise, to birth-control programs. Voluntary associations are working in Europe, including some dominantly Roman Catholic countries. Even behind the Iron Curtain, Poland and Russia are giving attention to population control. The biggest field virtually untouched by family planning is in Latin America. For example, Mexico has an annual birth rate of 46 per thousand population and a death rate of 13. At this rate there will be 60 million Mexicans in 20 years, compared with an estimated 30 million now.

Indications now are that the use of public funds to promote birth control, here or abroad, could have domestic as well as international repercussions—could even become a widely discussed issue in the forthcoming 1960 presidential campaign.

At the upcoming General Conference in Denver you'll see

Methodist DEMOCRACY in Action

By WALTER G. WILLIAMS
Dean of students, Iliff School of Theology

EVERY FOUR YEARS Methodists from all over the world send delegates to General Conference, the church's supreme policy and law-making body. In attendance at this year's session in Denver, from April 27 to May 11, will be some 880 men and women, divided equally—as the *Discipline* requires—between laymen and the clergy. Up for consideration will be issues of vital importance, decisions which will determine church policy for the next four years.

As a guide to understanding Conference action, here are the answers to some of the most frequently asked questions about it:

What is the bishops' role?

Bishops have two main Conference functions. They preside but may not vote. And they prepare in advance the Episcopal Address, which one of them delivers in the name of them all.

How do they preside?

One bishop serves as presiding officer for each session. The others, from seats on the platform, watch the proceedings.

Is the presiding officer's job difficult?

Yes. That bishop must keep in mind some 40 rules of Conference procedure, plus traditional rules of order. There are eight undebatable questions, with orders of precedence. There are 10 rules on secondary motions. Some motions call for a one-third vote, others a simple majority, still others a two-thirds vote.

The rules for debate require that he recognize alternately the proponents and opponents of the resolution before the house. Some years ago, a long-winded attorney asked for the floor. Recognizing him, the bishop asked which side he was on. The speaker gave his party; the bishop said it was the other side's turn. The switch-hitting lawyer retorted that it didn't matter to him —he could speak on either side.

The bishop presiding must listen carefully to each speech to tell whether the speaker is in order. There are quick-witted objectors (some call them hecklers) at General Conference whose appeals to "privilege" must be ruled on by the bishop. And there are those who cry "Mister Chairman!" just as a vote is being concluded, so they will have first chance on the next matter.

These are but a few of the human —and democratic—reasons why presiding at General Conference is far from easy.

What is the Episcopal Address?

For the 146 years since Bishop McKendree presented the first one, this 16,000 to 18,000-word message has been a description of the "state of the church." In recent years it has been delivered as one of the Conference's first orders of business.

How does the Conference act on the Address?

The Episcopal Address is neither accepted nor rejected by the Conference. Instead, it is received and sent to the standing legislative committees. In these meetings, where much General Conference legislation is hammered out, the Address is often quoted. It is also quoted on the floor and in many other places in the four-year period between General Conferences.

Does the Address reach non-Methodists?

Yes. It has been the practice of late to outline the salient points in a nation-wide broadcast.

For whom does the Address speak?

The bishops speak as spiritual leaders of the church, but not for the Conference. Only the Conference itself can speak officially for The Methodist Church.

Who writes it?

The Episcopal Address is a composite product in which almost 50 men can take part. The one who does the writing is chosen by ballot, without nomination, in the Council of Bishops. It is the highest honor the Council can bestow.

Bishop Fred P. Corson of Philadelphia, who read the address in 1956, once said jokingly that probably the writer should have two Addresses—one the statement the other bishops will permit him to give in their names as well as his own, and the other the Address he would give on his own, if he did not have to consult them.

Who goes to General Conference?

The Conference make-up gives evidence of its democratic character. The General Conference of 1952 had 140 pastors and 135 district superintendents among U.S. ministers. The 1956 Conference had 160 pastors and 131 district superintendents. Businessmen outranked all other lay people in both Conferences with 99 in 1952 and 113 in 1956. There were

only seven farmers in 1952; 17 in 1956. Five laborers and craftsmen were listed in 1956.

How are delegates elected?

By their Annual Conferences—one minister and one lay person for every 70 members or major fraction, with the provision that every Conference, no matter how small, is entitled to one minister and one layman. Provisional Annual Conferences in lands where Methodism is still a small minority have the same minimum representation.

Do delegates pay their own way?

No. Delegates' expenses are paid out of the General Administration Fund. There is a daily allowance for meals and lodging ($14 in 1960) while the Conference is in session, and travel expenses to and from the Conference, even for delegates from distant places overseas. (It is hoped, but hardly expected, that some of the five Methodist Conferences in China may be able to send delegates to Denver in April.)

How much does it cost?

Total costs, including rental of auditorium, programs, and other expenses, ran to $439,574 at San Francisco in 1952, and $426,229 at Minneapolis in 1956.

Who seats delegates?

A Commission on Entertainment. By lot, this Commission draws the names of the Annual Conferences, determining the order of seating. There are no "chief seats."

Who makes local arrangements?

Over 200 Denver residents and more than 110 ushers and pages from all over work to keep delegates and visitors physically comfortable.

Can women be delegates?

Yes. Actually, there were 73 women delegates to the 1952 Conference, 71 in 1956.

Are there any religious services?

Yes, many, beginning with the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. In addition, boards and agencies present programs, with all the arts of film, music, and pageantry.

How about social affairs?

The number of these is diminishing. Dinners are scheduled for 5:30 p.m., so they end before the evening meeting.

How does legislation originate?

The raw materials are the memorials, or requests and proposals, sent to the General Conference secretary by individual Methodists, churches, and Annual Conferences. Any member of The Methodist Church may submit a memorial on any subject, and he may be assured that it will be recorded by title in *The Daily Christian Advocate* and referred to the appropriate standing committee for "concurrence" or "nonconcurrence." A report must be made to the Conference on each.

In 1948, there were 1,100 memorials; in 1952, there were 1,285, and in 1956, the number had grown to 3,010.

Under the title *The Duties of the General Conference* in the *Discipline* is the frequently recurring phrase, "To provide and fix." The Conference does just that, as it hears reports, determines budgets (especially World Service) and decides on the program of the church during the four years until the next General Conference. It is hard to imagine how this could be done in a more democratic way.

How is the work accomplished?

Every delegate is on one of the 16 standing committees—the ministry, missions, education, lay activities, publishing interests, and so on —that turn out the legislation. The delegate also may serve on one or more of the administrative committees (courtesies and privileges, rules, tellers, and others), but the standing legislative committee is his first responsibility. He chooses the committee he wants, with the first person elected in each delegation choosing first. The committees have from 75 to 125 members. They meet every afternoon and some evenings.

Is there much argument?

Let's put it this way: Because the General Conference, not the bishops and not the boards and agencies, is the policy-making authority, issues emerge with sharp differences of opinion.

In 1952, for example, there were problems that threatened to disrupt the church's fellowship. All through debates on the private profit motive and the service motive, conservatives and liberals in economics were sniping at each other. Ritualists and nonritualists argued about Gothic architecture. Youth and age, urban and rural churches, conscientious objectors and conscientious soldiers chose up sides. But the Survey Report, ordered by the General Conference of 1948 in answer to the demand for less duplication and overlapping, was the center of interest.

From the start of the debate, it was clear that there would be no real bitterness. One layman put it this way: "It has been gratifying to us who worship in the little church down the lane to see those with marked differences in the Survey Report evidencing, in such gentle and brotherly ways, their desire to smooth over wrinkles, many of them imaginary." The report was referred to a Committee of Six for prolonged study—four to six out-of-Conference hours daily—before the report, considerably changed, came up for adoption.

In 1956, the racial issue threatened to break up the Conference and possibly the church. Feelings ran high. But those who were most concerned, the delegates from the Central and Southeastern Jurisdictions, kept extremists in hand. The result was that there was far more than the usual resolution of good intentions; there was the assurance that desegregation would come by democratic process of mutual desirability. And, after full debate in the Annual Conferences, the constitutional changes proposed by the General Conference were adopted by overwhelming vote. It was a victory for both Christian morality and democratic methods.

What about differences of opinion now?

When the Conference at Denver faces the report of the Commission to Study the Jurisdictional System, there will be the same give and take of sharp debate. Divergent views will find free expression. There will be no "compromise at all cost." There may even be majority and minority reports. But if the General Conference lives up to its past record, there will be no purpose to get a choice between extreme positions. Rather, there will be a desire for solid decisions on statements that represent clearheaded, warmhearted churchmanship.

Remember, Methodists do not think alike on all subjects. Yet they agree on basic beliefs and on the application of these beliefs to current problems.

"THE TRAGEDY of kids today," the high-school principal told me, "is that they can't run away any more. In the old days a boy could just light out, get a job, and start learning who he was. But now, even if the cops didn't drag him back, he'd find a law against more than half the jobs he tried to get.

"I'm not slighting the importance of education in this post-Sputnik world. Actually, part-time jobs help a kid stay in school. But for many 15 to 19 have become the lost years. The result: sidewalk savages! But there is one hopeful development. That's why I'm in this movement heart and soul."

"This movement" is youth employment. In its present agency form, it's 12 years old. Fittingly, it was started by a teen-ager.

In July, 1948, a Governor's Conference on Youth was in session in Phoenix, Ariz. Adult speakers enumerated juvenile problems but offered no solutions. Then 17-year-old Karin Stallcup rose.

"Give us something to do," she said, "and we'll knock ourselves out doing it. But where can we go for jobs? What this city needs is an employment agency for teen-agers!"

John Walker, county juvenile probation officer, asked Karin to talk

Is there a way to keep teen-agers in your section helpfully busy?

The Answer Could Be YES

By DOLPH SHARP

with him. Soon things began to roll. *The Republic* and *The Gazette* gave free office space. Someone donated a desk, typewriter, and file. The American Legion and the County Juvenile Parole and Probation Association chipped in $185 for miscellany. Two weeks after Karin's speech, YES (Youth Employment Service) opened its doors.

Karin, in her first week as director, interviewed 400 applicants, placing a few baby sitters and yard workers. Adults pitched in with more help. Judge Charles Bernstein of the Juvenile Court wrote letters. Walker got on the phone. The Chamber of Commerce canvassed its members. Talented kids staged a telethon; radio stations helped with spot announcements. And Karin embarked on the luncheon-club circuit.

"It was hard to smile the 10th time I was introduced as 'that YES girl,'" she reported later, but smile she did. And with good reason.

The campaign brought a flood of responses. A doughnut baker, an exterminator, and several ranchers needed spare hands. A department store wanted youthful models. Typists, janitors, clerks, delivery boys, envelope stuffers, lifeguards, even ladybug gatherers were called for. (YES had decided against such jobs as door-to-door soliciting and alcohol handling.) Minimum wages were 50 cents an hour for baby-sitting, 75 for almost everything else.

Half the first year's 2,000 applicants were placed in part or full-time positions; Judge Bernstein noted that juvenile thefts fell 20 per cent. Karin explained it simply: "If you've got money and you're busy there's no time to steal."

One boy, on probation for car theft, found a job as an apprentice mechanic. (Today he is running his own garage and is one of the city's best mechanics.) Despite its good record, however, YES soon faced a crisis. It had charged no fees; the year-old organization was broke.

That's when the Phoenix chapter of Sertoma—an international service club—stepped forward. Sertoma stands for "Service to Mankind" and the new chapter was looking for a project. It decided to sponsor YES.

Sertoma put up $1,800. For the first time, the girl who ran the office (Karin was off to college) and her assistant were paid. Each Sertoman pounded the pavement, scaring up jobs and spreading YES awareness. For its efforts, the chapter won a national achievement award.

Now the inspiration leaped across the Colorado River. Another Sertoma Club in Glendale, Calif., started a YES and hired Mrs. Francis Grigsby, a sociologist with four children, as counselor. Immediately, the teen-agers were lining up for jobs—and finding them. A dozen other cities swung into the movement and, in 1953, Sertoma International officially adopted YES as a nation-wide sponsorship.

Wichita Falls, Tex., added the next refinement. When that Sertoma Club opened its YES later in 1953, it did so at a desk in the local office of the State Employment Commission. This gave YES access to the state file of jobs. Aptitude testing was right on hand. What's more, rent was saved.

Today there are more than 45 YESes from Miami to Vancouver. They have placed more than 100,000 kids in jobs. The average sponsorship costs each Sertoma Club from $2,000 to $3,000 a year. In some places, as in Burbank, Calif., the kids raise part of the funds by giving dances and shows. In Casper, Wyo., Sertoman wives staff the office. Many other service clubs—Kiwanis, YMCA, Rotary, Lions, PTA, Chambers of Commerce—also are sponsors or co-operative sponsors.

From the start, police departments have been interested. In Pomona,

Calif., Police Chief Ralph Parker started the ball rolling. In New York City, the Police Athletic League shifted its emphasis from recreational facilities to part-time jobs for boys 14 to 20, aware that when unemployment rises, so does juvenile crime. Elsewhere, independent groups joined the movement.

IN Lynwood, Calif., the idea for an agency came from students in a social-studies class. With youthful enthusiasm, they launched the project by holding Cleanup Day; 2,500 students tidied up vacant lots, washed store windows, laid out playgrounds, performed other chores. The police department contributed a free corner of the town jail, complete with telephone and a helpful trusty to answer it while the boy-director was out lining up jobs.

Once a YES agency opens, kids with all kinds of talents, skills, and characteristics show up and accept a variety of jobs. One girl was hired to baby-sit three Siamese cats; a boy to sort fishing worms; another boy to escort a pretty out-of-town visitor to dances and parties! A muscular pre-law student served a subpoena on a construction worker who seldom came down from a 10th-story scaffold. Another boy got a job because he was six-four and could put up a patio roof merely by standing on a box. That same YES has a boy five-one, whose specialty is slithering under houses.

YES dotes on emergency service—as for a busy woman with relatives arriving unexpectedly at the airport. While she was gone, a YES boy cleaned her house, set the table, and prepared a roast-beef dinner.

Some YES jobs are career building; *all* are kid building. YES helps a teen-ager get that tough first job. It teaches him how to dress for, and behave during, an interview: how to fill out an application form, and how best to present his qualifications. YES even tips him off to the eccentricities of certain employers, as it did in the case of "the boss with the chairs." Only by choosing the hard chair rather than the easy one could any applicant prove to this man that he was alert, energetic, ambitious—and worthy of the job.

Any YES job teaches boys and girls how to get along with employers and fellow workers. One boy gave up smoking when he found that he lost job after job because of his cigarette breaks. YES jobs also give a sense of independence, plus pocket money and often a nest egg toward a higher education. They help develop personality, too. The Phoenix YES, for example, first noted on the back of one girl's card: *Bleached hair. Flighty. Runs around a lot.* A later notation read: *Neat appearance, quiet, steady, efficient worker.*

Records are kept on employers, too. YES insists that a girl's mother examine the place her daughter will baby-sit. Unfair employers are blacklisted. A few unscrupulous adults who tried to hold back teen-agers' wages soon changed their minds; a judge and several lawyers on that YES' advisory board saw to that.

On the brighter side are instances such as that in Lynwood, where the Turko Chemical Company hired two boys, both high-school seniors for part-time jobs—then sent them through the University of Southern California. As one father said, "An outright gift of $10,000 wouldn't have been as much."

In Glendale, a boy charged with burglary found a job in a drugstore through YES, became fascinated with the profession, and went on to pharmaceutical school. In Hollywood, a 17-year-old drifter from a broken home was placed as an assistant in a pet hospital; today he's preparing for a career as a veterinarian.

SOMETIMES a job helps with a psychological problem. A stout girl in danger of withdrawing from life because of her appearance found a job in a store run by an overweight woman. Now, a year later, employer and employee find keeping a mutual diet a game.

In time, counselors become astute in sizing up applicants, beginning with the elementary fact that "when you see a kid with an odd haircut, you're looking at a potential problem."

Often YES directors try to talk youths out of taking a job—that is, full time. In many cases, the headstrong have come back in a few months to admit, "You were right. I'm going to finish school."

Counselors are called on, too, with all sorts of odd inquiries ("What should I buy my girl for Christmas?") along with problems teen-agers won't take to their parents. Because of this rapport, the young people become attached to the counselors. They visit them at home and beg to perform personal services. Years later, they continue to write, reporting their progress. One YES director says the biggest calculated risk of her work is riding in hot rods.

ALONG with the growth of the agencies have come other youth-employment developments. In the small town of El Monte, Calif., an assembly plant, the Busy Bees, is run almost completely by teen-agers. The concern, now housed in a giant quonset hut, was started by Charleen DuBief in her garage a couple of years ago after her 15-year-old son, Ed, complained, "Adults only beef about teen-agers. Why don't they give us jobs?" Charleen, who had been an assembler in aircraft plants, went out and got a contract to box poker chips for a game company.

Today the business grosses $30,000 a year, employs 60 to 90 boys and girls of 16 to 19, and has a waiting list of 2,700. It does most of its hiring for an assortment of assembly jobs through YES. Jobs are part time, after school. Base pay is $1 an hour, but some boys and girls make as much as $2.10.

While they work, rock-and-roll music is piped through the plant at nerve-shattering volume. The kids claim the beat makes them work better as they assemble model trains and planes, hinges, and small motors, or stencil and pack light sockets for the Navy.

After work, the Busy Bees Club plans dances and trips. No Busy Bee has ever been in trouble with the police.

What does the future look like? YES is beginning to gather real momentum. And the next 10 years should bring an even greater growth.

YES may not be the total answer to occupational growing pains, but right now it is a good part of the answer. Not long ago I heard someone say, "Teen-agers are the last leisure class." He was wrong. They *were* our last leisure class.

Many girls double as baby sitters for Mom, so a "junk playground" is provided outside the shop for their charges.

Cobblers to the Poor

Hans Christiansen: He's made work a game—and found a unique way of helping Europe's impoverished families.

IN A SMALL shop in a quiet corner of Copenhagen, 50 young Danish girls, nearly all under 12, gather after school each day. They are volunteer cobblers; their mission is to repair discarded shoes for Europe's needy.

Supervising their work is the founder, 78-year-old Hans Christiansen, who had never touched a last before he started his shop 15 years ago. At first he merely repaired unwanted shoes and sold them at a loss to the poor. Then one day a girl limped past, wearing a pair of decrepit castoffs. He gave her a rebuilt pair as a gift—and sparked a chain reaction of gratitude which brought his organization into being.

The next day the girl was back; she wanted to help in his shop. This first volunteer soon recruited her sisters, then her friends. And, as word spread, others appeared. Today their efforts are aiding not only Denmark's poor and those of neighboring lands, but even refugees in distant Eastern Europe.

How many have these schoolgirls helped so far? Over 100,000!

Volunteers at work. Only those who pass their probationary period may wear these uniforms.

How would you answer if your child wanted to know:

Is the Pie in the Sky Chocolate?

By WINI JONES A Together in the Home Feature

WHEN OUR third-born son, Miles, was 2½, he asked me: "Does Jesus have a car?"

Looking out of the front window, he'd just seen a particularly shiny product of Detroit flash by. The look in his blue eyes showed that this was no idle question. At that time we had no auto and he was feeling the lack of it.

I had often heard it stressed that a child's training, including religious instruction, begins when he's one minute old. But nobody had ever told me that I would have to face such a question as this.

Miles persisted. Stalling, searching for an answer, I questioned him gently to find out just what was going on in his little head.

It became clear that his picture of this Jesus he had heard so much about in Sunday school was that of a wonderful fellow who took little boys for rides. As I tried to skid around his question with various vague answers about heaven, God, and Jesus, it became equally apparent that he cared nothing about pearly gates, streets of gold, a land of no sickness or death, or anything else either biblical or legendary. He wanted to know if Jesus had a car. And if he didn't have one, then Miles didn't care to go to heaven.

I have found out, since then, that the answer I finally gave was "theologically correct" for his age level, because I accidentally did three things right: I found out that he was not just chattering, but really wanted an answer; I sought out what was actually puzzling him instead of taking his question at face value, and I prayed for the right answer.

What I then told Miles was this: "Jesus does not have a car on earth because he isn't on earth as a man any more, and they didn't have cars when he lived on earth. But when you get to heaven, if that is still what you want and Jesus doesn't have a car, then he can get one."

He went back to his play smiling, with some sort of vision of an omnipotent God.

My celestial traffic problem with Miles, however, reminded me of the time I had asked my mother if I could have all the chocolate pie I wanted when I got to heaven. I saw it clearly in my four-year-old mind —a white concession booth in heaven where nothing was served except chocolate pie. Free, of course.

Since I was not completely disillusioned with the hereafter, I suppose my mother must have had a good answer, though neither she nor I can remember it. She does remember that first she tried to steer me off on the other wonders of heaven—and I wouldn't steer. Neither will any other children. They may give up and go away, but that doesn't mean they don't keep on wanting an answer to what's bothering them.

And, after Miles' question, I realized that since I now had four young sons I had better begin fortifying myself with right answers.

The next few months found me in a fruitless search for some counselor, preacher, writer, or friend who could give me specific advice about how to answer the specific questions children ask.

Beyond a few scattered books I found no help at all. When I recounted my struggle with Miles' question I got raised eyebrows, embarrassed smiles, ethereal references to "the other nice things in heaven," and the suggestion that I should have explained to my 2½-year-old son that heaven is not a place but a state of mind!

Here are a few case histories of the knotty problems that have been posed by my own small offspring and those of friends in the last few years:

After a Saturday morning of television, Bill, seven, and his four-year-old-sister, Martha, almost came to blows. When their mother arrived, the combatants turned to her and demanded, "Who's the strongest, God or Superman?"

Her explanation was in terms they understood: "Certainly God is the strongest. He is real and Superman is just a made-up story. God is the strongest and smartest of anybody anywhere."

Jim, our oldest son, came home from a third-graders' bull session to inquire: "If God went to sleep just for a second, would the world run into the sun and the planets?"

His panic communicated itself to me for a moment. Whatever would happen if God went to sleep?

It helped us both a little to tell Jim that the Bible says God neither slumbers nor sleeps, and that he's not like men, who get tired and have to rest. Since this is a pretty big concept for a child, and Jim was, obviously, still a bit uneasy, I took time to sit down, put my arm around his shoulder, and add: "But, you know, Jim, if God ever does need a nap, he fixed a pretty good system when he started the world and the uni-

We were at the front window when Miles asked a question that set me searching for "right" answers to my youngster's queries about Jesus and heaven.

verse, and I expect it would be all right. We sure couldn't do without him for long, though, could we?"

All seemed lost a few days later when I heard Jim announce to his assembled younger brothers in tones dripping with superior knowledge: "If God went to sleep for just one second, the whole universe would crash together." Then after a dramatic pause: "But, of course, God doesn't need sleep like we do."

Two preschool sisters of my acquaintance might have stumped their mother recently. They were studying their Sunday-school lesson when the older announced, gesturing grandly: "God is everywhere."

"Is he in the bookcase?" her small sister asked her. "Yes," she replied. "Is he under the table?" "Yes." "Is he in the garbage can?"

Here their conversation sank in on their mother. The garbage-can query sounded blasphemous. Then she found the word. "We don't talk silly about God," she informed her daughters. But, turning back to her dishes, she added: "Since God is everywhere, I suppose he's in the garbage can, too, but there are a lot better things to say about God than that."

At a recent committee meeting at my church, a school teacher friend who also has a Sunday-school class confessed that she had been stymied by a third-grade girl who asked, out of the blue, "If God is everywhere, where is the devil?"

The committee pressed her for her answer, but she really didn't remember: "I just prayed and said something," was all she could tell us.

When our Robin was five, he was a genius at putting off bedtime and I thought it was just a clever device when he kept asking me to talk to him about "going up into heaven." I kept replying, "It's too late tonight, but we'll talk about it tomorrow."

Then one noon he burst into tears and wailed: "You always say we'll talk about going up into heaven tomorrow, and we never do!"

By asking him a few questions, I discovered that what he really wanted to talk about was "the end of the world." My shoulders squared, I said: "Robin, I really don't know much about the end of the world, but I think I can find something about it in the Bible. Could you give me about 30 minutes more while I hang out these clothes? I promise I won't forget again."

Children are magnanimous about these things when they know someone cares, and half an hour later I was searching Revelation. It was there, almost at the end, "the new heaven and the new earth." I read portions of the 21st and 22nd chapters to Robin. They enchanted him, and off and on in the last three years he has come up with pictures of the new heaven and the new earth. It was a pretty great experience for both of us.

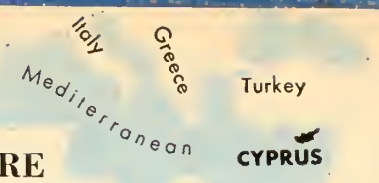
I've learned, too, that a few stock answers go with many questions. But personal faith must back them up. The stock answers I happen to know go like this:

"I don't know, but I'll try to find out." (This one has led me to study the Bible as I had meant to for many years.) Or, "Nobody knows that; only God knows all the answers." Or, sometimes, "God hasn't told us about that, but since he is good, we know that whatever he does about it is all right."

My husband and I are not model parents, nor are our boys model children. Yet the boys have gained a feeling of fellowship with God, whether they understand the term or not. And when we hear them talking to God earnestly and directly, we are sure that their prayers are going straight to the throne of grace.

Conflict: Guerrilla warfare resulted in years of crisis on Cyprus. Here a British soldier captures a Greek Cypriot after a blazing gun battle.

WORLD WAR III COULD HAVE STARTED HERE



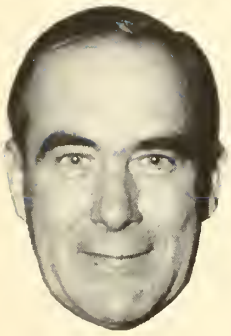
FOR 3,000 YEARS or more the paths of world history and conflict have been criss-crossing the island of Cyprus.

Largely populated by Greece four centuries before Christ, this dot of land in the blue Mediterranean has been held by Egyptians, Phoenicians, Assyrians, Romans, Greeks, Franks, Venetians, Turks—and, since 1878, has been under British rule.

Cyprus has great strategic value in the military sense. It lies 240 miles north of Egypt, 60 miles west of Lebanon, and 40 miles south of Turkey.

If Russia had it, the Soviet bear could hug the Turks from two sides. And if leaders on all sides hadn't found a way to bring tolerance and understanding to bear to end four years of bloody strife, Cyprus might have sparked the first flames of World War III.

The mere fact that the island's new constitution goes into effect this month is a victory for Christian leadership. Sir Hugh Foot took the lead



Sir Hugh Foot: Trouble Shooter for Britain

By ROUL TUNLEY

This Methodist lay preacher's son stressed Christian principles to bring peace to a strife-torn island in the Mediterranean.

WHEN THE bloody riots in Cyprus were stilled last February and an agreement reached to bring independence at last to this beautiful Mediterranean island, under foreign domination for 3,000 years, her final British governor breathed a sigh of relief.

"It's something like a miracle!" announced Sir Hugh Foot.

This, for him, was a typical remark. It suggested that he himself had done little to bring peace to the top trouble spot of the Mediterranean. Actually, something like "a miracle" did take place—but, like most "miracles," it was helped along by some expert human nudging. In this case, the nudger was none other than Sir Hugh, one of the most unusual freedom fighters in the world today.

Two years ago, when the burly diplomat took over the leadership of an island whose bases are vital to free-world defense, he found himself the focal point in a drama swirling with hate and violence. Englishmen, Turks, and Greek Cypriots were at each other's throats. Murder occurred almost daily; the problems seemed insurmountable.

The Greek population (80 per cent) wanted independence from Britain and union with Greece. The Turkish minority wanted the island partitioned into Greek and Turkish sectors. And the British, determined to keep their bases, refused to allow their crown colony to change its status without an agreement between Turkey and Greece to insure peace.

Sir Hugh's arrival did not immediately calm the waters. Violence continued for almost two years. But gradually, in the midst of hatred and strife, the Cypriots began to sense something different about their governor. In his ceremonial robes, he may have looked much as his predecessors. And he certainly stood up for the rights of Englishmen. But somehow, when he insisted on a "just settlement" of the issues, there was an honest ring to his words. Even the terrorist underground leader, George Grivas, paid him the compliment of describing him as "a diplomat."

Cypriots admire courage above all else. Sir Hugh impressed them with his sincerity by showing a disregard for his personal safety. In 1958, when Britain unfolded a plan for self-government, he strolled unarmed through the tense Turkish quarter of Nicosia, appealing to the people for calm. On another occasion, he sent a secret letter to Grivas, declaring:

"I am prepared to go any place at any time you nominate to meet you. I would come alone and unarmed."

All this had the effect of showing

in seeking a satisfying formula. Greek Cypriots, under the spiritual leadership of bearded Archbishop Makarios, once-exiled head of Cyprus' Greek Orthodox Church, wanted union with Greece and reduction of concentrated land ownership. The Greeks wanted independence from Britain. The Turkish minority wanted the island partitioned. The British refused to give up their vital military bases. All in all, the island situation held great peril for the world's peace.

But men of basic good will brought these conflicting factions to a peaceful agreement, a feat which required more than traditional diplomacy. It required tolerance—by all concerned.

Compassion: *As a Cypriot mother pleads for her son, sentenced to life in prison, Sir Hugh listens—and leans toward mercy.*

his confidence in the fundamental decency of human beings. And this, quite simply, happens to be an integral part of Sir Hugh's make-up. His detractors have accused him of too much heartiness, of being naïve, of being a bit of a Pollyanna. Sir Hugh doesn't mind. He believes in being what he is. And by following his basic nature, he has exuded a rugged sincerity which the most ill-informed national has been quick to grasp.

As might be expected, Sir Hugh has, from time to time, been a target for criticism. On one occasion when he was governor of Jamaica, he was accused by a local politician of being soft toward Communism because he refused to curtail civil liberties to curb Red troublemakers.

"What would the victory be worth," he asked his opponent, "if we won the battle and lost what we are fighting for?"

On Cyprus, Sir Hugh's "naïve" confidence in an ultimate solution gradually created a climate favorable for negotiation. And finally the governments of Greece and Turkey agreed to sit down and work out a solution. Britain, Greece, and Turkey, to the dismay of the Communists, signed an agreement in February, 1959, that guaranteed a free Cyprus within a year. The settlement was hailed as a fair one. It provided guarantees for preserving British bases on the island, plus a formula for joint representational government by the Greek and Turkish Cypriots in proportion to their population.

It was largely the achievement of a man who, brought up in a religion whose tenet is to love one's neighbor, has managed to find himself continually in places where a neighbor was the last man one loved.

It all began happening to him 30 years ago. . . .

Appropriately enough for a man brought up a Methodist in the Bible country of West England, one of Methodism's strongholds, Sir Hugh had his first basic lesson in what the future held for him in the Holy Land—Jerusalem. He was 21 and had just been graduated from Cambridge University. He joined the colonial service; his first assignment was as an administrative officer with the Palestine government.

Full of excited dreams of seeing the Holy Land of his Sunday-school lessons for the first time, he journeyed across Europe by train. But when he arrived in Jerusalem, the dream picture suddenly went askew. Then Arabs and Jews were in a fiery dispute over the Wailing Wall. In his first week he heard what he later described as "the ugly, unforgettable roar of the mob as it swept out of the mosque at noon and came seething out of the Damascus Gate angry and armed—and went through the Jewish quarters of the city killing man, woman, and child, from one end of the street to the other.

"I learned then how much evil can result when men are divided by fear and malice."

Later, he learned the lesson over and over again. In Cyprus, in North Africa, in Nigeria, in Jamaica, in Jordan. But the lesson never embittered him as it has so many others. On the contrary, he became as passionate a fighter for liberty as he is an able steward of England's rights. He developed what even his detractors have admitted was a penchant for creating independent states and for spurring on constitutional progress in Britain's colonies.

There were discouraging incidents along the way—a bomb close to his car in Syria, a narrow escape from an assassin's knife in Nigeria. But they didn't stop him. He carried on much as his Methodist forebears had done in another century when they joined the struggle to free the world from slavery.

As a World War II British official in Transjordan, he helped bring about the independent state of Jordan. Later, in the military government of Cyrenaica, he worked to lay the foundations for the present independent kingdom of Libya. In 1947, he was transferred to Nigeria—Britain's largest colony. Here, amid the growing restlessness for self-government, he was able to play a role completely on his own for the

first time. As acting governor, he began preparing Nigerians for positions of responsibility.

"We believe the only way to train people for responsibility," he said significantly, "is to give it to them. And not give it to them reluctantly, but deliberately, as a matter of positive policy."

FOR HIS work, he was knighted and sent to a new assignment in Jamaica. Unfortunately, soon after he arrived the island was struck by perhaps the worst hurricane in its history, which worsened an already critical economic situation. Sir Hugh went to work immediately, trying to revitalize the island's economy and morale by attracting private capital and doggedly preaching confidence in what he called "the future of Jamaica." Soon the island recovered. In 1953, he laid the foundation for a British Caribbean Federation to include Jamaica, Trinidad, Tobago, Barbados, and the Windward and Leeward Islands. It was modeled after the federation of the United States.

"We know that in this enterprise," he said in describing the West Indies Federation to the World Methodist Conference in North Carolina in 1956, "we shall receive special sympathy and understanding and support from England, which taught the world the principles of parliamentary government, and from the United States, which taught the world the principles of federation."

It was not long after this that Great Britain called its trouble shooter to Cyprus, the most difficult assignment of a difficult career.

The grandson of a Cornish carpenter, Sir Hugh has a famous father, Isaac Foot, who was for many years a Liberal member of Parliament, a secretary of mines, and a privy councilor. He also has four brothers—Dingle, a former Liberal member of Parliament; Michael, once a Labor MP and now editor of the left-wing *Labor Weekly Tribune,* and John and Christopher, solicitors. A devout Methodist, his father was vice-president of the Methodist Conference in England. In the words of Sir Hugh, he is "the best local preacher I have ever heard—and that's saying a lot."

Although none of the Foot sons became a minister—a "matter of sadness" to his mother—Sir Hugh sums up his early training in these words: "Of all the many privileges of my life, the greatest was the privilege of being brought up in a good Methodist home."

There has always been a strong but friendly rivalry between the Foot boys. "Tangled Feet" is the way one magazine summed them up. Sir Hugh was not one to hesitate in bucking tradition. Although the other sons went to Oxford, where they became heads of the debating union, he went to Cambridge, where he won a similar post.

The keen competition between the Foots has been matched only by their ready sense of humor. There was an example of this when Sir Hugh took over his first job. Although the family had slept, eaten, and drunk politics since he was three, Sir Hugh decided to forgo politics—"escape" was the word he used—and try the foreign service. This brought forth an immediate reaction from his Oxonian brothers. "Since Hugh had the misfortune to go to Cambridge and consequently finds himself qualified for nothing," commented one of them, "he has taken the only thing available—a colonial-office job in Jerusalem."

Their robust talent for laughing at each other has not been curbed by celebrity. And on more than one occasion, it has caused others, who do not know the Foots, to raise eyebrows over what looks like a public family squabble.

In the midst of the Cyprus crisis, for example, when Sir Hugh was crowding the headlines, his father gave an interview in which he said Sir Hugh, as a boy, was "always considered a slightly out-of-step 'hearty' in an otherwise intellectual ménage." He also revealed that when the boy was six or seven, he frequently wandered off and was found on the downs with the gypsies, "hardly distinguishable from them." And he went on to call the summit of the Foot family's achievements, not Sir Hugh's role on Cyprus, but rather the publication of a recent book on Jonathan Swift by Sir Hugh's brother, Michael.

This was not the first time the diplomat had been accused of being nonintellectual. He retorted in print:

"This is the culmination of a whispering campaign put about by my brothers. They say to any newspaperman who will listen that I am a sort of wild half-wit brought up on the Cornish moors. Who wouldn't make for the moors when the alternative was to endure the insufferable superiority of four Oxford brothers?" All this prompted brother John to get into the act and accuse Sir Hugh of "advertising his intellectual accomplishments—such as they are!"

In view of the fact that the Cyprus settlement at the time depended in large part on Sir Hugh's prestige, some thought the humor a bit too much. But in the end it served to prove that the Foots are a gifted, dedicated, and intensely human family whose bonds are close enough to survive good-natured, if pointed, give-and-take. Certainly nothing is ever allowed to interfere with their deadly seriousness about two important factors in their lives: religion and public service.

A few months after this family exchange, a particularly discouraging period of hostility and bloodshed began on Cyprus. At its height, Sir Hugh received a cable from his father. It urged him to look up II Corinthians 4:8-9. He opened his Bible and read:

"We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed."

WHEN he had finished, he reflected, then shot a cable back to his 78-year-old father. It urged him, in turn, to look up Romans 5:3-4. And the passage his father read was:

"And not only so, but we glory in tribulations also: knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope."

A remarkable exchange between a famous father and a more famous son. Coming, as it did, at a critical time in the world's history, it pointed up the Christian foundation of faith on which Sir Hugh, typically, was building the freedom of the new republic of Cyprus—the latest of the lands to feel the healing touch of this unique British layman.

Dad sometimes finds fault, but it's not from lack of love. It's merely because

FATHER FORGETS

By W. LIVINGSTON LARNED

LISTEN, SON: I am saying this to you as you lie asleep, one little paw crumpled under your cheek and the blond curls stickily wet on your damp forehead. I have stolen into your room alone. Just a few minutes ago, as I sat reading my paper in the library, a hot, stifling wave of remorse swept over me. I could not resist it. Guiltily, I came to your bedside.

These are the things I was thinking, Son: I had been cross to you. I scolded you as you were dressing for school because you gave your face merely a dab with a towel. I called out angrily when I found you had thrown some of your things on the floor.

At breakfast I found fault, too. You spilled things. You gulped down your food. You put your elbows on the table. You spread butter too thick on your bread. And as you started off to play and I made ready for my train, you turned and waved a little hand and called, "Good-by, Daddy," and I frowned and snapped out in reply, "Hold your shoulders back."

Then it began all over again in the late afternoon. As I came up the hill road I spied you down on your knees playing marbles. There were holes in your stockings. I humiliated you before your boy friends by making you march ahead of me back to the house. Stockings were expensive—and if you had to buy them you would be more careful! Imagine that, Son, from a father! It was such stupid, silly logic.

Do you remember, later, when I was reading in the library, how you came in, softly, timidly, with a sort of hurt, hunted look in your eyes? When I glanced up over my paper, impatient at the interruption, you hesitated at the door. "What is it you want?" I snapped.

You said nothing, but ran across, in one tempestuous plunge, and threw your arms around my neck and kissed me, again and again, and your small arms tightened with an affection that God had set blooming in your heart and which even neglect could not wither. And then you were gone, pattering up the stairs.

Well, Son, it was shortly afterward that my paper slipped from my hands and a terrible sickening fear came over me. Suddenly I saw myself as I really was, in all my horrible selfishness, and I felt sick at heart.

What has habit been doing to me? The habit of complaining, of finding fault, of reprimanding—all of these were my rewards to you for being a boy. It was not that I did not love you; it was that I expected far too much of youth. I was measuring you by the yardstick of my own years.

I scolded you as you were dressing for school because you gave your face merely a dab with a towel.

And there was so much that was good, and fine, and true in your character. You did not deserve my treatment of you, Son. The little heart of you was as big as the dawn itself over the wide hills. All this was shown clearly by your spontaneous impulse to rush in and kiss me good night.

Nothing else matters tonight, Son. I have come to your bedside in the darkness, and I have knelt there, choking with emotion, and so ashamed!

It is a feeble atonement. I know you would not understand these things if I told them to you during

Over 30 nominations were received for this Reader's Choice, first published 40 years ago. [See story on page 36.] Mrs. Amy Crosier, Orland, Calif., first to nominate it, has received our check for $25. . . . If you have a favorite story or article published at least five years ago, and you'd like to share it with others, send it in. If you are the first to nominate it, and we use it, you will receive $25. But please remember: send in only one nomination at a time; be sure to tell us where and when it was published, and, if possible, send us a tear sheet of it.—Eds.

W. Livingston Larned

The Case of the Missing Author —Solved!

SO MANY readers nominated *Father Forgets* under so many different titles—*My Boy, Listen Son, The Shrine of Sleeping Childhood,* and others—that our *Reader's Choice* editors were challenged to undertake a bit of fascinating sleuthing.

What was its original title?

When and where had it first appeared?

Who was the author?

Three staff members set out to find the answers.

They soon learned that the story had been published first under the title, *With the Journal's Editor,* in the September, 1920, issue of the *People's Home Journal,* a family magazine that ceased publication in 1929. Unfortunately, no author was named.

To deepen the mystery, our sleuths found that the original article was shorter than many versions readers had sent us. Two paragraphs had been added later. But by whom? Why?

Eventually a former reporter among our staff sleuths discovered that the original author is W. Livingston Larned. A busy writer-artist, who now lives in White Plains, N.Y., he was pleased to be told so many of our readers had wanted TOGETHER to reprint his piece. And he confirmed our assumption that a new section had been added at some point along the editorial road which his article had traveled. Along that route, too, Methodism's Board of Education published 155,000 copies under the title, *The Shrine of Sleeping Childhood.*

Our staffers kept digging.

They then traced the article on to the April, 1926, issue of the *South Works Review,* a magazine published by an Illinois steel company. Its title then was, *A Little Boy.*

Next, they found it in the June, 1926, *Valve World,* a magazine for the valve and fitting trade, which carried the heartwarming tribute in a column entitled, *From an Old Fogey's Inglenook.*

Editor Justice W. McEachren, our researcher found, ran it in his column and added the section which begins, "I do not know of a better shrine . . ."

Many subsequent versions picked up these editorial comments, assuming they were part of the original work. And there, at last, we had the answer to when, and by whom, the final section had been added.

Today this classic, almost a bit of folklore, has been translated into seven languages and adapted for use in movie shorts and on radio.

It has appeared, too, in a *Reader's Digest* anthology and was part of Dale Carnegie's book, *How to Win Friends and Influence People* [Pocket Books, 35¢].

Author Larned tells us that both his children are grown—his son is a publishing executive and his daughter is married to a U.S. government official in El Salvador. Of his three grandchildren, one, Donald Smith, now is attending college at Georgia Tech, in Atlanta, the city where Mr. Larned started his newspaper career.

His article has won a place deep in the hearts of millions of Americans. In uncounted men and women it has evoked a sense of repentance and a glowing rededication at a place where reality and mystery fuse in reverence—the bedside of a sleeping child.

your waking hours, yet I must say what I am saying. I must burn sacrificial fires, alone, here in your bedroom, and make free confession. And I have prayed God to strengthen me in my new resolve. Tomorrow I will be a real daddy! I will chum with you, and suffer when you suffer, and laugh when you laugh. I will bite my tongue when impatient words come. I will keep saying as if it were a ritual: "He is nothing but a boy—a little boy!"

I am afraid I have visualized you as a man. Yet as I see you now, Son, crumpled and weary in your cot, I see that you are still a baby. Yesterday you were in your mother's arms, your head on her shoulder. I have asked too much, too much.

Dear boy! Dear little son! A penitent kneels at your infant shrine, here in the moonlight. I kiss the little fingers, and the damp forehead, and the yellow curl.

Tears came, and heartache, and remorse, and also a greater, deeper love, when you ran through the library door and wanted to kiss me.

• • •

I do not know of a better shrine before which a father or mother may kneel or stand than that of a sleeping child. I do not know of a holier place, a temple where one is more likely to come into closer touch with all that is infinitely good, where one may come nearer to seeing and feeling God. From that shrine come matins of love and laughter, of trust and cheer to bless the new day; and before that shrine should fall our soft vespers, our grateful benedictions for the night. At the cot of a sleeping babe all man-made ranks and inequalities are ironed out, and all mankind kneels reverently before the living image of the Creator. To understand a child, to go back and grow up sympathetically with it, to hold its love and confidences, to be accepted by it, without fear or restraint, as a companion and playmate, is just about the greatest good fortune that can come to any man or woman in this world—and, perhaps, in any other world, for all we know.

And I am passing this confession along to the fathers who may be privileged to read it, and for the benefit of the little fellers—the growing, earth-blessing little Jimmies and Marys of this good world of ours.

Out of the Old Testament

ADAM AND EVE: This is one of eight Old Testament portraits selected by TOGETHER from *In Our Image* by Houston Harte and Guy Rowe (Oxford University Press, $10). Rowe, the artist, is a former illustrator for *Time*. He plans to devote his life to religious art. The following are among 32 vivid and sometimes startling portraits of the great characters of the Old Testament — men and women whose deeds thunder down to us through the ages. Here are pathos, sorrow, grandeur, hope, and inspiration. Below, as Eve offers Adam the fruit of the tree of knowledge, the faces illustrate Rowe's conception of man's reaction to beguiling evil. Tempted by a serpent, Eve seems more to be confused than she does to have evil intentions toward Adam. Both will be banished from Eden.

She took of its fruit and ate; and she also gave some to her husband, and he ate.

From IN OUR IMAGE by Houston Harte, Illustrated by Guy Rowe. © 1949 by Oxford University Press, Inc. Reprinted by permission

Then God said..."Go forth from the ark, you and your wife, and your sons and your sons' wives."

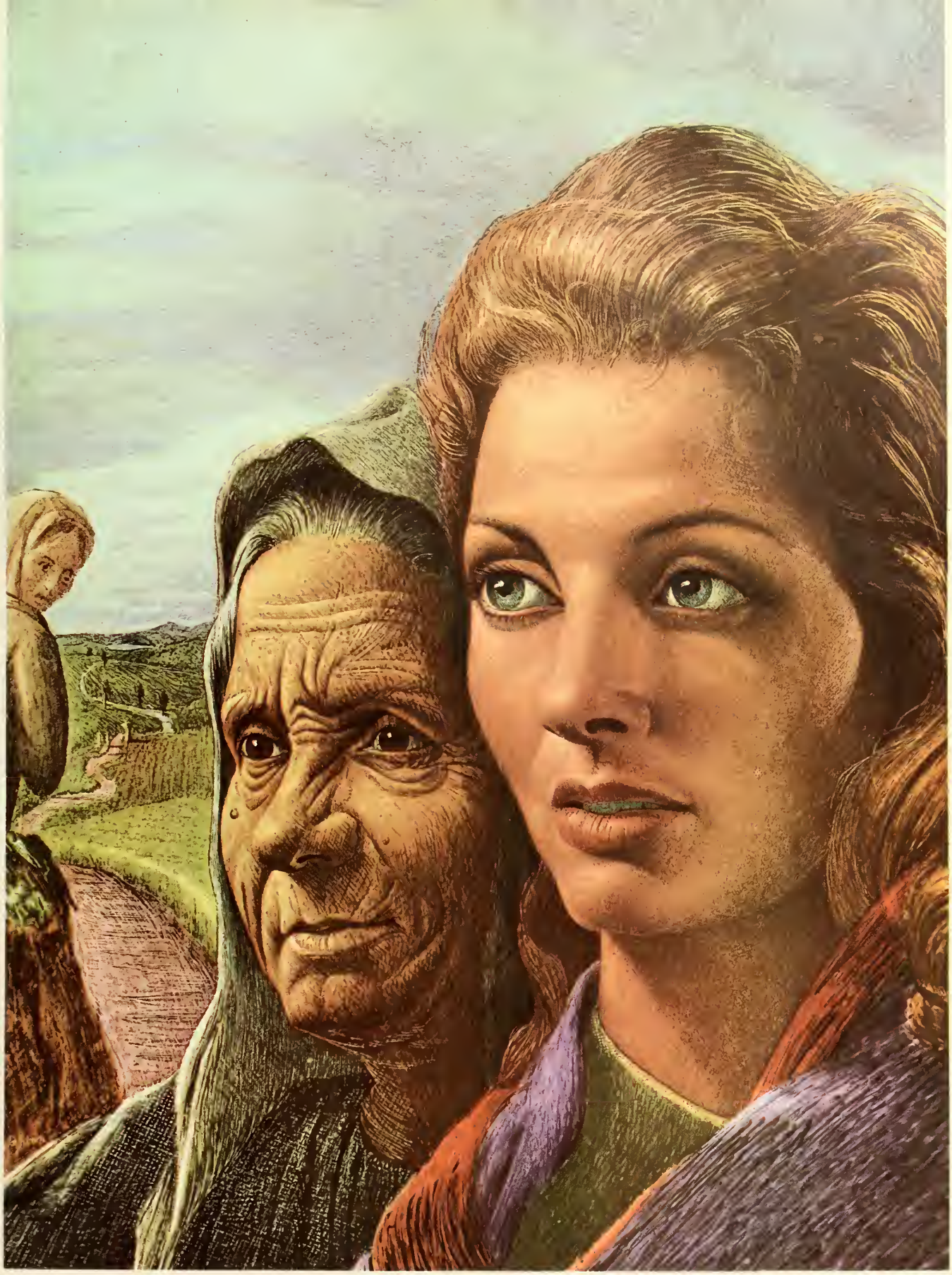
NOAH AND HIS WIFE: Two months after the ark comes to rest on Mount Ararat, the aging couple descend on dry land to start anew and rebuild the world destroyed by flood. Noah is the leader of strength; his wife is trusting and faithful to the cause. Rowe depicts them as far-visioned pioneers who see things far beyond the horizon.

Then Isaac said to Jacob, "Come near, that I may feel you...to know whether you are really my son Esau."

JACOB'S BLESSING: Disguised by his mother in the hairy skin of a kid, Jacob deceives his father, Isaac, and receives the blessing rightfully Esau's. He does so with fear and trembling, lest Isaac discover the deception and put a curse on him. But because Jacob's hands feel hairy like those of Esau, Isaac is duped by the vicious hoax.

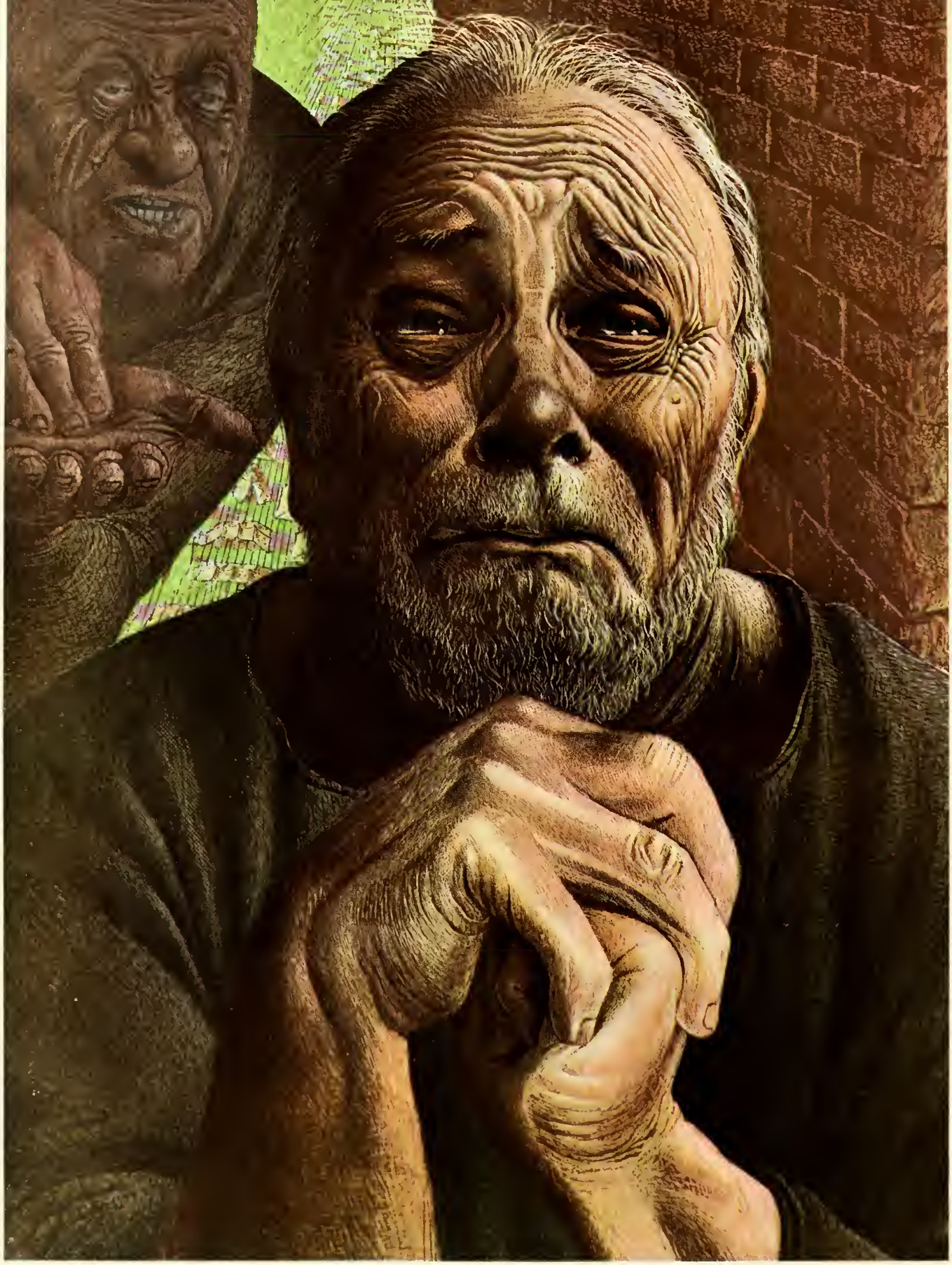
When his brothers saw that their father loved him more than all his brothers, they hated him.

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN: Joseph's father, Israel, loved the boy more than any other of his children because he was the son of his old age. As evidence of his favoritism, he made him a coat of beautiful colors. The coat and Joseph's prophetic dreams aggravate the jealousy of the brothers, who are about to cast him into the pit.



"For where you go I will go, and where you lodge I will lodge; your people shall be my people, and your God my God".

RUTH AND NAOMI: Ruth, heroine of one of the most beautiful stories in the Bible, is depicted by Guy Rowe as a sweet, loving, and intelligent girl. She and her aged mother-in-law, Naomi, are backgrounded here by the field where Ruth, a girl from Moab, worked and caught the eye of Boaz, the landowner and her future husband.



"O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! Would I had died instead of you, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

DAVID MOURNS: There were many noble and tragic moments in the life of David, king of Judah and Israel, but none more so than this. As an aged man, he learns of the murder by Joab (background) and others of his rebellious son, Absalom. Broken by the news, he tries to understand, yet grieves for the erring and traitorous boy.

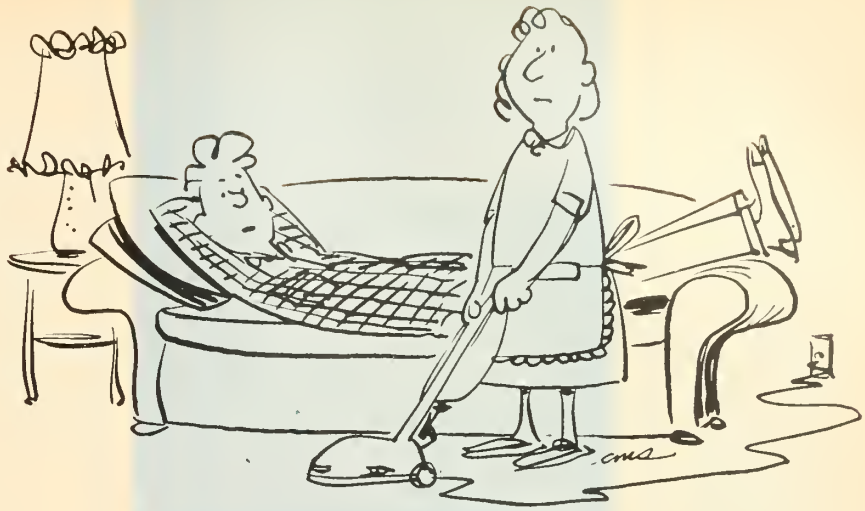
And the woman said..."Now I know that you are a man of God."

ELIJAH: This mighty prophet and man of God, a passionate servant of the Lord, worked many miracles in Jehovah's name. His faith knew no limits. Guy Rowe portrays him just after he has restored life to the widow's son and has delivered the boy to his mother, saying: "See, your son lives." Elijah was a religious and political force.

After this Job...cursed the day of his birth. And Job said: "Let the day perish wherein I was born."

JOB: No one was ever worse afflicted than this moral man whose misery is reflected by Rowe in pain-filled eyes raised to God to ask why he must suffer. His three friends cannot destroy his faith: "Naked I came from my mother's womb, and naked shall I return. The Lord gave, and the Lord has taken...blessed be the name of the Lord."

Teens Together



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz

"If we won't have mothers and fathers up in heaven, Mom, what do you think you'd like to have me call you?"

By RICHMOND BARBOUR

Q *I don't bring my friends home because the house always is a mess. I clean it frequently, but my younger brothers soon get it dirty. My mother doesn't like housework. She cooks, but she won't clean house. I go to other girls' homes. I find them in good order. How can I change my mother?—M.F.*

A Talk it over with your father. Ask him for suggestions. Together you may find ways to carry your message tactfully to your mother. Continue to do your share of the work. Try to develop contests or games for your younger brothers to get them to help.

Q *My girl and I broke up two weeks ago. Now her mother is in the hospital. I always liked her. Would it be wrong for me to go to see her? When you break up with a girl does it mean you lose touch with her family?—G.T.*

A It would be nice for you to visit her mother.

Q *I'm 13. My folks don't understand modern kids. They expect me to look, think, and act the way boys did when Dad was my age. How can I get them to understand that things have changed?—L.K.*

A One way would be to invite good boys of your age into your home. Let your folks see what they are like. Another would be to get your parents to talk with your school counselor or favorite teacher about today's teen-agers. Don't try to tell your mother and father about the changes yourself. Chances are, they'll learn from others more quickly than from you.

Q *I'm 14. I love a girl. She says she loves me, but she asks if this isn't just a teen-age crush. How can we tell the difference between real love and a crush?—K.A.*

A It is hard to tell, but remember, you're both 14. Crushes are to be expected at your age. If your feelings are real, they will last. Adult love doesn't die; crushes do. Time alone will tell.

Q *I am 18 and a sophomore in college. I was raised to be a good Protestant. Then I began to think for myself. Now I'm unhappily convinced that my childish faith was without foundation. I'm searching for truth. Do you seriously think that people need to believe in God?—B.M.*

A Yes. I've come to that conclusion by studying how people meet life's problems. Especially in times of trouble we need the strength prayer can bring. We need a way to find forgiveness for our sins and mistakes. We need the power which Christ's promise brings us. We need guidelines for our daily lives. Many young people go through periods when they question the beliefs they accepted in childhood. Persist in your search. Talk with the leader of your campus Methodist program. He'll understand. Study and pray with him. You'll emerge with a stronger faith in Christ and a clearer insight into religion. Your faith will mean more to you because it will be truly your own.

Q *I love my mother, but she nags too much. She scolds me for not keeping my room clean. She nags when I'm slow in doing the dishes. She tells me off for being a few minutes late getting home nights. What can a girl do about a mother who nags? Wear ear plugs?—B.C.*

A The best thing would be to stop disappointing your mother. Ask her to check with the mothers of your girl friends. Have her find out about their problems. She may learn that your problems are common to most homes.

Q *I'm 15. I think I am old enough to have my boy friend visit me when I am home alone. Yet last night Mother forced me to phone him and tell him not to come over. The reason was that she and Daddy were going to be away. Shouldn't they trust me more than that?—H.L.*

A The answer depends on two things. One is the custom of your neighborhood. In some places it would be felt wrong for you to be alone in your home with a boy friend; in others, it would be accepted. The second is whether you and your boy friend are nice, responsible kids. Have you given

Dr. Nall Answers Questions About

Your Faith and Your Church

Did the first Christians believe Christ would return soon?

Yes, within the lifetime of those then living (Matthew 10:23). There was the clear expectation that the existing age would come to an end and God's eternal kingdom would begin.

This belief was reflected in first-century living. Christians refused to serve in the Roman armies. They hesitated to get married. The Christian community in Jerusalem "had all things in common," practicing an elemental and idealistic form of Communism.

As time went on, and the hope of the Second Coming faded, they made many compromises. The Church became powerful and adapted itself to the responsibilities of power.

How do venial sins differ from mortal sins?

Protestants, while granting that sins differ greatly in seriousness, make no such distinction. Sin is estrangement from God and, therefore, an attitude that results in varying acts of disobedience.

Roman Catholicism bases its distinction on Jerome's translation of 1 Corinthians 7:6, "I say this by way of concession, not of command." The Greek for concession really means "allowance for individual differences." Jerome used "veniam," or "necessitating pardon."

So, venial sins are those that can be pardoned. Mortal sins cannot be pardoned. I suppose that the French priest who called all traffic violations sins would class them as venial. A better illustration: If a husband makes love to his wife without the intention of having children, his sin, in the Catholic view, would be venial. But the wife would not be guilty, for she would be rendering the "marriage debt." Yet his venial sinning might save him from the temptation to worse, and mortal, sinning such as adultery. Protestants do not share this belief.

Is there any "cathedral of Methodism"?

Actually not, although some church buildings, because of their stately or striking beauty, have been given this flattering title.

Bishop Francis Asbury (who should have known better) applied the phrase to wonderful old St. George's Church in Philadelphia. But he did not make it his home church, and a cathedral (literally, "having to do with the bishop's chair") is the church where the bishop is at home.

Methodist bishops do not have churches. They are "general superintendents" (in distinction from district superintendents) and serve the whole church.

Minister, author, traveler, Dr. Nall is familiar with the world church from firsthand observation and is ideally qualified to answer questions about church and faith.

your mother reason to doubt your judgment in a situation involving boys? Ask your mother to check with the mothers of your friends. Perhaps she'll relent next time.

Q *I am a girl of 14. For two months I have been going steady. My boy is 18. We have discovered the meaning of true love. I want to marry as soon as he finishes high school. We haven't told my folks. My boy tells me we should love each other all the way. Is there really anything wrong with what he says?—P.T.*

A Yes. Every young couple in love faces this problem. Resist temptation. Change comes fast at your age and reactions are extreme. The church holds high standards of purity before marriage. The church is right. Can you talk with your mother?

Q *I'm almost 16. For several years I've liked a boy at school. He likes me. We eat lunch together. We sit beside each other at games. He wants to take me to the movies on Saturday nights. My mother approves, but my dad says I'm too young. What is the right age for dates?—J.M.*

A There is no one age. It depends on neighborhood customs and the character traits of the young people. Ask your mother to have your father check with the parents of your friends who do have dates. Prove to your father that both you and your boy friend are responsible and can be trusted. Try to avoid arguments. They only postpone the day when he can approve your dating.

Q *I am 16 and belong to De Molay. My younger sister belongs to Job's Daughters. The two orders sometimes have joint dances. Mother insists that I dance at least once each evening with my sister. I hate that, but I'll be restricted if I don't. What should I do? —B.O.*

A Dance with your sister—and be a good scout about it.

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Dr. Barbour *writes just for you, teenagers. When you ask his advice, your identity always remains confidential. Write to him c/o* Together, *740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.*—Eds.

Did Robert Strawbridge steal a pig? Historians don't agree.

A bishop who introduced a hit hymn, a Lincoln pew, a war-shuttered college . . . They're all parts of fascinating

METHODIST AMERICANA

NUMBER 3

***By THE EDITORS OF* TOGETHER**

IN MOTHER GOOSE it was Tom, the piper's son, "who stole a pig, and away he run." Now eminent church historians are at loggerheads as to whether, in Methodist Americana, it was ROBERT STRAWBRIDGE, the Colonial lay preacher, who did likewise.

The controversy started after this item appeared on page 27 of the November issue:

That curt, outspoken Irish lay preacher was accused of stealing a "pigge," according to court records of Frederick County, Md., dated November, 1753.

That bit of history was dug out of musty records last year by the REV. MELVIN L. STEADMAN, JR., pastor of Pender Methodist Church in Fairfax, Va., who announced his discovery before the Methodist Southeastern Jurisdiction Historical Society.

The rebuttal gun was fired by DR. ARTHUR BRUCE MOSS, former pastor, now retired, of historic John Street Church, New York City. "The moral implications are serious," he declared in a statement released to the press by Methodist Information. "The preacher's reputation in Ireland, prior to migration to America, was exemplary. He was a Wesleyan local preacher there."

Dr. Moss feels the culprit was a different Robert Strawbridge.

The Strawbridge family was numerous in the area in Ireland from which the actual preacher came, he informs us. There were at least three others, besides him, to bear the name "Robert." So the duplication of the name in another person may well be the case.

To summarize arguments, Dr. Moss doubts that the man who stole the pig was the lay preacher. Mr. Steadman believes Preacher Strawbridge *could* have been the man charged with the theft, adding, however, that it may have been a case of religious persecution. Further, the man who made the charge had a court record and seems to have been capable of false accusation.

Did Robert Strawbridge, an early founder of Methodism in America, steal a "pigge" or did he not?

November's cover picture showed BISHOP FRANCIS ASBURY, book in hand, astride a horse galloping through a mountain stream. It seemed to us that this fine portrait captured the feel of one man's almost superhuman endeavors for the church, and many readers wrote to tell us how they were inspired by it. But DR. J. T. DORRIS of Eastern Kentucky State College thinks the painting by the late HARRY COCHRANE of Monmouth, Maine, "is not history." And, he adds "as a historian, I object to such exaggerations as are often made by publishers and artists."

Certainly the picture is not to be taken literally. It was done by a genre painter of great talent and is typical of the romantic school which flourished a few generations ago. For readers who wanted a more literal interpretation, there were other illustrations, including, on page 41 of that issue, a photograph of the famous equestrian statue of the bishop located in Washington, D.C.

The REV. KERMIT C. GREGORY of Kewanee, Ill., reading about Artist Cochrane, writes to tell of a remarkable similarity. "Another Harry Cochran (without the "e") in another Monmouth (Illinois) is also a 'devout Methodist'—has, in fact, been pastor of First Methodist Church there since 1948."

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored . . .

The words of a century-old wartime hymn (now riding high in

***Asbury painting:** An exaggeration—or an authentic example of genre talent?*

popularity as a recording by the Mormon Tabernacle Choir) were first sung publicly by a man destined to become a Methodist bishop. So we are informed in a letter we have received from Mrs. James Colona of Wilmington, Del.

The scene, she says, was Ford's Theater in Washington, D.C.; the time, a Civil War evening. The singer was an Army chaplain, Charles C. McCabe, and the song, *The Battle Hymn of the Republic,* written by Julia Ward Howe.

"The audience went wild with cheers and enthusiasm over the great hymn and the rich baritone voice of the young chaplain," Mrs. Colona writes. "President Abraham Lincoln was seated in his box in the theater, and was so greatly stirred that he sent a note to the stage which read: 'Ask that young man to sing it again,' which the chaplain did."

This story concerning the first time *The Battle Hymn of the Republic* was sung, has been told to me many times by my father, the Rev. Adam Strengle of the Wilmington Conference who was a soldier in the Civil War, and was present at this meeting.

Bishop McCabe: *As a young chaplain, he introduced the nation to a patriotic hymn—now enjoying new popularity.*

Thanks to Mrs. Colona, Methodist history, Lincolniana, and the story of a great song come into single focus, appropriately enough on the eve of the 151st anniversary of Lincoln's birth. She sheds further light, too, on the life of Bishop McCabe, who was widely known as a singer and preacher—and is remembered, too, for his act of appointing the first missionary to serve in the Alaska territory in 1897.

Lingering scar: *The Civil War closed Centenary College for a time and claimed the lives of many students.*

From William H. Oppliger of St. Louis, Mo.: "As the designers and makers of all the windows in the Missouri Methodist Church, Columbia, Mo., including the Great Methodist Window [*Methodist History in One Window,* November, 1959, page 126] may we correct you at one point? Dr. [Marion Nelson] Waldrip was the minister at the time but the designer was Lee Allen Cook of our studio. He has spent his entire life in the craft and has been with us over 40 years."

Thank you, Mr. Oppliger. The idea for the window was conceived by Dr. Waldrip. But it was designed, as you say, by Mr. Cook.

Many visitors to the nation's capital make it a point to attend historic Dumbarton Avenue Methodist Church, which was converted into a hospital during the Civil War. President Lincoln visited the sick and wounded there and rededicated the church after the war. He often worshiped there, too; today his pew may still be seen.

No less an authority than Mrs. R. H. Wynn, whose husband once was president of Centenary College, Shreveport, La., writes from Kalamazoo, Mich., urging us to make it clear that that Methodist-related college was originally situated at Jackson, La., and didn't move to the present location until 1908. As featured on November's Methodist Americana map, Centenary was one of the leading colleges in the South before the Civil War closed it temporarily. In October, 1861, the faculty met and wrote on a blank page of minutes: "Students have all gone to war. College suspended and God help the Right." Nearly all the seniors and many others of the student body and faculty gave their lives in the struggle. Incidentally, Centenary's fine student choir was featured in color last month on pages 2 and 3.

Elmer Hinton of Portland, Tenn., reading about Henry W. Grady as an Unusual Methodist of past years [November, 1959, page 54] writes to remind us of two other noted Southern orators, sons of a Methodist minister, who traveled his state together as opposing candidates for governor more than 50 years ago. Bob and Alf Taylor spoke from the same platform, but always with brotherly love. So high was the plane of this unique political campaign that it was known as the War of the Roses.

John De Pol, one of the nation's leading wood engravers, was commissioned by Lycoming College to do the woodcut of Francis Asbury reproduced on these pages. That Methodist-related institution at Williamsport, Pa., frequently uses this and another of John Wesley with its programs, alumni publication, and other printed materials.

It is our plan in subsequent years to honor other great Methodists in a similar manner, writes R. Andrew Lady, assistant to the president. It was he who gave permission to use the one in this issue.

Well, we're convinced The Methodist Church probably would not have got off the ground in pioneer America, regardless of the hard-riding circuit rider, had it not been for

Woodcut: *Bishop Asbury (& John Wesley) are honored in unusual engravings at a college with expanding ideas.*

the women who gave time, devotion, encouragement—and money—to the cause. Recently discovered letters of Bishop Francis Asbury to Mrs. Charles Ridgely of Hampton Hall, near Towson, Md., indicate that well-to-do and devout women frequently contributed substantial sums to the church. Photostats of four letters were made available by the Maryland Historical Society through the Rev. Edwin A. Schell of Baltimore, who writes:

In those letters (dated 1804, 1807, 1810) Asbury reveals his concern for the soul of this woman, his poverty, the needs of his preachers, his thankfulness for her charity, and his response to her evident interest in the progress of Methodism.

On March 10, 1807, Asbury wrote to Mrs. Ridgely: "I am under personal obligations to you, and some others, as my benefactors. I cannot but suppose that 150 dollars per year sufficient, my highest claim from the seven conferences being 24 dollars each, to become clothing, horses and carriage and to pay all my expenses in traveling 5,000 miles a year."

The pioneer bishop, who wanted little here below, implies that his work could not be carried on "if I had not here and there a friend like Mamma Ridgely." The limited funds at his disposal were used also to answer "the cries of the widows and fatherless children of preachers" as well as for those ministers "that labour and fare hard for 10 dollars per year . . ."

In a letter from Philadelphia, dated May 7, 1810, Asbury gives Mrs. Ridgely an account of his travels and expenses in characteristically frank words:

It is very extraordinary that myself . . . should travel 5,000 miles in about eight months (over) turnpikes, bridges, ferrys, for 100 dollars and that I should receive officially quarterage and traveling expenses (of) only 25 dollars from each of the conferences. I am frequently driven to taverns, and houses of publick entertainment, must meet misery and wretchedness over the whole continent. I am happy to see your alms given 700 miles to 1,000 distant from your native spot.

Hampton Hall, a national historical site, required seven years to build and originally stood on 10,000 acres of land. Capt. Ridgely, like his wife, was a devout Methodist. In fact, he was the man who once gave a farm to Robert Strawbridge, the Irish lay preacher who may or may not have been the Strawbridge charged with stealing a pig.

Methodist Kansasana at Salina

Who made this bust of Dr. Stolz, circuit rider and college founder? The sculptor's name apparently is lost.

On campuses across the nation are uncountable statues of men who gaze down to awe generations of college students. Usually these are in memory of those who have given liberally of their money; rarely does one see the likeness of a spiritual benefactor. But such a man was Dr. Michael Milton Stolz, whose bust—a truly unusual piece of American folk art by an unknown sculptor—today presides in Memorial Library at Kansas Wesleyan University. Dr. Stolz was a Methodist minister, a founder, and for 45 years a trustee of that institution—for which he prayed each day.

A stocky little man with flowing hair and a white heard, Dr. Stolz had been a circuit rider and a home missionary to the isolated fishermen on Washington Island in Lake Michigan before he was named, in 1883, to a committee set up to secure the charter and receive bids for location of the school. When Salina was chosen, he devoted his time—despite injuries received in a fall—to building the school. He helped lay the cornerstone and Wesleyan was opened in 1886.

Hardly had the school begun to grow when the panic of 1892—which dragged on through 1895—struck. As dean of finance, he saw Kansas Wesleyan through those dark days. Corn prices plummeted to 10 cents a bushel, but he never lost his faith or his vision. Two decades later, in 1912, by then retired from the ministry, he returned as librarian and custodian of the museum. Again he soon faced a financial problem:

During World War I Kansas had phenomenal crops; friends of the school subscribed fully to an ambitious building program. But drought struck and donors could not meet their pledges. In the morning chapel, Dr. Stolz prayed: "O Lord, raise up some wealthy person or persons who will so endow this university that she may continue on her mission for thee."

Aid was not long in coming—from Glenn L. Martin, E. C. Sams, and Walter P. Chrysler, among others.

In Dr. Stolz' life of faith, old friends find a parallel with the time someone sent him some 500-year-old corn and beans from the cliff dwellers' ruins at Mesa Verde, Colo. The old man's sharp blue eyes flashed: "Let's plant some."

And the seeds grew.

He died May 10, 1931, at 95, only a few months after the sculptured bust was unveiled at Kansas Wesleyan. Dr. Stolz had "stayed by" and "prayed through;" the university had not forgotten—and American folk art is the richer. —Sarah Peters

Light Unto My Path

WEEKLY MEDITATIONS BY MINISTERS ON INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

FEBRUARY 7

Therefore, my beloved brethren, be steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, knowing that in the Lord your labor is not in vain.—I Corinthians 15:58

SEVERAL times in World War II I flew over the Coral Sea between Australia and New Guinea. This was known as one of the worst areas in which to fly because of its rough weather. During one flight the plane suddenly dropped several hundred feet. Since my safety belt was not fastened, I hit my head against the top of the plane. After a moment the crew chief noticed that I looked sick. "Chaplain," he said, "what you need to do is fix your attention on some object that is not moving." I was able to see the pilot's seat, so I watched it—and gradually, as my stomach settled down, I felt more secure.

Many people are upset in these troubled times because they lack points of reference—immovable objects or standards unaffected by today's tensions and speeds. We are all in for rough times if we do not re-establish in our consciousness some unwavering check points that can keep us steadfast in the turbulent atmosphere of modern times. These can be found and brought once again into sharp focus through a restudy of the basic concepts of our Christian faith.

Conscious that we live on a spinning globe, we have always given thanks for the North Star which never varies from its spot in the sky and which we have always been able to use to help guide us home. Recently, however, I heard a manufacturer describe a new navigational device being made by his company. It does its work without any reference to the sun or the stars, depending only on an electronic memory to record variations in direction and distance from the original starting point. My reaction to this was that I would rather have some device which at least occasionally was checked against the unchanging points in the universe.

We cannot depend on moral systems that are based only on our own reactions and evaluations. The world needs to hear from Christian witnesses a steadfast declaration that says in the words of Martin Luther, "Here I stand." A revival of resolution that is uncompromising will do more than anything else to add power to the Church's influence in our day. Only in such a position can we know the full joy of discipleship which Paul characterized as "always abounding in the work of the Lord."

Prayer: Heavenly father, show us how badly we need to recover basic points of moral witness so that we might take our stand uncompromisingly for what we know to be thy will. With such truths for reference, we can travel a steady course through turbulent times. We pray in the Master's name. Amen.

—ALFRED A. KNOX

FEBRUARY 14

For we are not contending against flesh and blood, but against the principalities, against the powers, against the world rulers of this present darkness, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places.—Ephesians 6:12

DURING the Korean "police action," one man announced that he was "going over there to fight." When asked what branch of the service he was joining, he said, "None! I don't want to become involved in all that. I just want to fight."

How unrealistic a way that was to think of getting into a crucial encounter!

Of course, he couldn't even get to the place where the battle was joined—and if he could have, he wouldn't have been prepared to do anything significant. He would have to join up; have to be uniformed, armed, trained, and ready to obey explicitly orders from headquarters.

Yet in the ages-long encounter between good and evil, how many are actually more or less casual well-wishers, not really joined to the fray, not trained to fight, not equipped with the necessary weapons and defensive armor, not in communication with headquarters. And many a would-be Christian soldier sulks in his tent, making his church far more of an infirmary for ailing saints than it is an outpost for the living God, which it should be.

The Phillips' translation of our Bible verse identifies the enemy as "spiritual agents from the very headquarters of evil" and points up the necessity for us to get down to business. How important it thus becomes for the Christian to be identified with "the very headquarters of righteousness" and be equipped with "the whole armor of God!"

Enlistment—total enlistment of all one is and may be, and of all one has—is called for. Nothing less is a fit response to the call of God.

Prayer: For all our casualness about the greatest cause which can ever claim our total enlistment, dear Lord, forgive us. And as we give ourselves in new loyalty to thee, help us to "put on the whole armor of God," that we may be able to fight effectively in your forces, the forces of righteousness. Amen.

—CARLTON J. FRAZIER

FEBRUARY 21

For the grace of God has appeared for the salvation of all men, training us to renounce irreligion and worldly passions, and to live sober, upright, and godly lives in this world.—Titus 2:11-12

HORROR etches itself on the man's countenance as he cringes at the feet of his assailant. He awaits the final blow which will snuff out the flickering flame of life.

The intended victim is Abel; the

attacker who hovers over him, his brother Cain.

Surrounding this scene are modern-day groups in a desperate drive for happiness. The night club, the dance hall, the sidewalk performer, the clothes shop—all have drawn crowds eager to fulfill their search for amusement. These participants are so caught up in their own lives that they pay no heed to the tragic scene nor offer aid to the victim.

Such are the contents of Henry Koerner's painting *Vanity Fair*, which hangs in New York City's Whitney Museum. The world the artist has created is one of people whose lives reflect tedious boredom. In a real way, the artist is commenting visually on the lives of 20th century humanity. Many lives are so completely bound up in themselves that love and service to God and mankind play no part in the tightly woven framework of their existence.

Paul speaks to these people, as well as all others, when he emphasizes that the grace of God has appeared and has revealed his loving-kindness to each of us. This is the good news for all, and yet how often man loses the joy of the good news. How often modern men and women become Christian in name only—Christians of the glittering gold cross on a slender necklace, Christians of the displayed Bible, Christians of the plaster of Paris Madonna—but not Christians of the heart.

We must put from us all ideas, practices, passions, and desires not directed toward the spiritual upbuilding of the Christian man. But there must be the ongoing process of doing good as well as avoiding evil. In this we are called to be masters of ourselves, righteous to others, devout in service to God. A life is incomplete which fails to focus on all three relationships.

A person devoted to self finds naught but boredom. The person devoted to Christ and to the rendering of service to others in their need finds a life of exuberance and zest. Such a person truly discovers "life abundant."

Prayer: Our father, help each of us to turn from self-interest, making us more responsive to human need and increasingly devout in our witness unto thee, our Lord and Savior. Amen.

—DEWAYNE S. WOODRING

FEBRUARY 28

Take your share of suffering as a good soldier of Christ Jesus.—II Timothy 2:3

A MOTHER in a little Western town received a telegram in World War II announcing her son's death. She nurtured her sorrow until grief grew to bitterness, and bitterness to hate.

Doggedly the woman went to church, but her resentment toward God and her hatred of the enemy built a barrier through which God's love could not be felt.

In another home, a father opened a similar telegram one Friday; on Sunday, he was in his place at church. The pastor that day made an appeal for missions. The bereaved father arose. "Our son," he said, "whom you all knew, is dead—killed by the soldiers of a foreign nation. If we had sent enough missionaries into the field, my son might not have died. My wife and I are determined to give more to missions than we have ever given before." The church, inspired by that bereaved father, became the largest per capita giver to missions in its state.

The woman endured hardship with dogged determination; the man endured it with creative courage.

One wife merely bears the cross of being married to an alcoholic; another joins the organization for wives of alcoholics and not only discovers she may be a contributing factor, but learns to help others who face the same problem.

One endures with passive persistence; the other with creative courage.

A couple loses a child. Though they hang onto their religion, they are preoccupied with their sorrow. But another couple, losing their child, form an organization to raise money for leukemia research.

One endures with leaden loyalty; the other with creative courage.

Bearing up is a type of courage which one had better hold onto if he possesses no other. But such courage can be a dull and dreary thing. Enduring like a good soldier of Jesus Christ calls for a positive creative force that helps us not only to bear up, but to bring forth new life.

Alfred A. Knox
Columbus, Ohio

Carlton J. Frazier
Syracuse, N.Y.

DeWayne Woodring
Aberdeen, S. Dak.

Carl E. Keightley
Dallas, Tex.

These writers are editors of TOGETHER's news supplements in their Areas of The Methodist Church.

No victory is ever won by merely holding the line. Time alone is gained by dogged determination, passive persistence, and leaden loyalty. Victories are won by creative courage.

Prayer: Father, I would do more than bear up and hang on. I would be a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Help me to endure with creative courage that I may not only bear my burden, but make my trials count for good. In the name of Jesus Christ, who made a cross a crown, I lift my prayer to thee. Amen.

—CARL E. KEIGHTLEY

Barnabas

Looks at New Books

IT MUST have seemed like a wonderful idea—a book contrasting Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis, that is. And, in outline, it must have appeared even more promising. Here, it would seem, would be a splendid way to strip off many of the extraneous issues and events, and simply view the two opposing Civil War leaders in the light of their times. Unfortunately, however, the idea doesn't quite come off.

Irving Werstein's ABRAHAM LINCOLN VERSUS JEFFERSON DAVIS (Crowell, $5) has several strong assets: the writing is lucid and fast paced, the spotlight is kept fairly well on the two presidents, and the illustrations are helpful. But—and perhaps this is necessary—a great amount of non-Lincoln and non-Davis material is included. And, at least to me, the book appears to be done from a decidedly Northern viewpoint, with scant sympathy for the sincerity of the men and women in the Confederate states.

The "holy, sacred, saintly" meanings of "sanctimonious" according to Webster are obsolete; today, instead, the word means "making a show of sanctity . . . hypocritically devout or pious." Imagine using that word, as the author does, to describe as devoted a man as Stonewall Jackson!

Was Abraham Lincoln an agnostic? A half-believer? A Christian? These questions were argued during our 16th president's lifetime and, probably with greater heat, after his death. Now **William J. Wolf,** professor of theology at the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, Mass., has delved into the problem and come up with his conclusion:

Lincoln was "a biblical Christian." More, in Dr. Wolf's eyes, the great emancipator was "unquestionably our most religious president," a man whose life was centered about the Bible and Christ's teachings, and whose faith blazed forth in his speeches and writings.

With a mass of supporting detail, the growth of the Civil War president's religious belief is traced step by step in Dr. Wolf's latest book, THE ALMOST CHOSEN PEOPLE (Doubleday, $3.95). For preachers, laymen, and Lincoln fans, it's a natural.

German Evangelical Pastor Martin Niemoeller was not a man to throw all the blame on the Nazis. It was he who wrote the controversial Stuttgart Statement signed in 1945 by 11 German church leaders. "True, we have struggled for many years in the name of Jesus Christ against a spirit which found its terrible expression in the National Socialist regime of violence," it said in part, "but we accuse ourselves for not witnessing more courageously, for not praying more faithfully, for not believing more joyously, and for not loving more ardently."

Germans denounced Niemoeller for his part in this declaration, but the former U-boat officer who gave up his naval career after World War I to enter the ministry was used to storms. In the 1930s his dynamic leadership of Protestant opposition to Hitler had earned him eight years in concentration camps. And the bluntness that has so many times caused his friends to say: "Martin, Martin, did you have to say it just that way?" continues to make him a hard man for his contemporaries to understand.

Now two excellent biographies of this confusing Protestant leader have been published. PASTOR NIEMÖLLER by **Dietmar Schmidt** (Doubleday, $3.95) examines Niemoeller's career methodically and strives to be objective to the point of apologizing for including incidents of his private and domestic life.

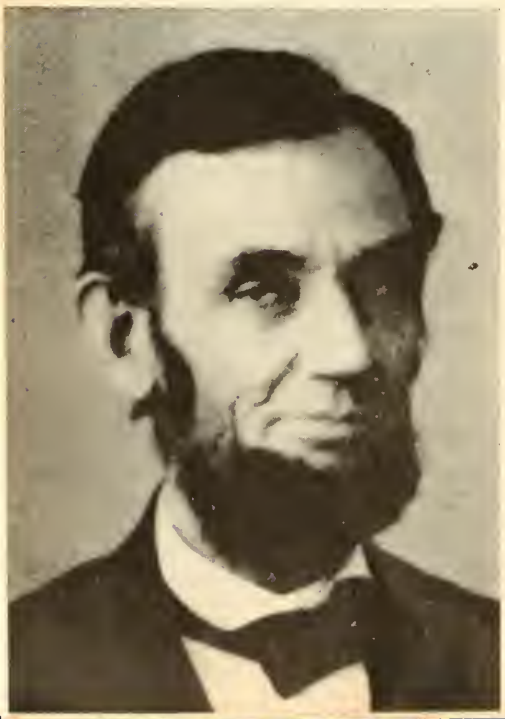
GOD'S MAN: THE STORY OF PASTOR NIEMOELLER by **Clarissa Start Davidson** (Ives Washburn, $3.95) tells the story of Niemoeller, family man and pastor, in a warmer, more intimate vein. Take your choice of styles.

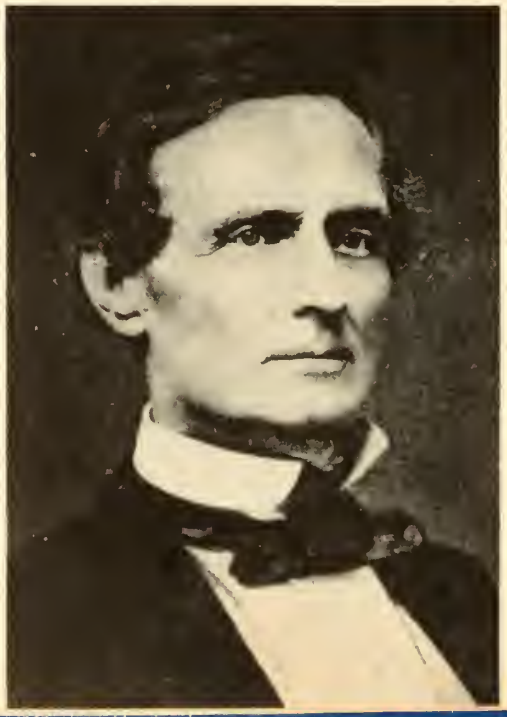
Throughout World War II, the name of **Admiral Karl Doenitz** was one which caused many a headache in the Allied high command. Doenitz was the Prussian seafarer who ran Nazi Germany's submarine warfare, later took over the entire naval command, and for 20 hectic days, as the Third Reich was falling to pieces, stood at the helm as Hitler's successor. Finally he surrendered—and was jailed as a war criminal.

Now, in his MEMOIRS, subtitled TEN YEARS AND TWENTY DAYS (World, $6), he has told his story. And a fascinating story it is. Here is the German side of the war, seen through the eyes of a top naval leader. It's like looking at events through a magic mirror which gives them an entirely different perspective. The chapters on the mad days of the collapse, alone, are worth the price of the book. And his charges of Allied brutalities, which he backs up with impressive documentation, make one pause and wonder precisely what did go on behind the façade of propaganda on both sides.

On the debit side are these factors: the admiral limits himself rigidly to the period covered in the title; nothing as background, nothing as conclusion.

Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis are compared in one new book; in another a theologian examines Lincoln's religion, decides that he's a "biblical Christian."





And, without casting doubts on his sincerity, it seems strange that a military figure as highly placed as he was could know absolutely nothing of concentration camps, mass murders, and the like. And yet, who is there to say otherwise?

Experiences can do things to us or for us; it's our own decision. Probably there's no better example of this than *Life* photographer **Carl Mydans**, who, with his wife, Shelley, was a prisoner of the Japanese for part of World War II and photographed the fighting in Europe and Asia the rest of the time. After the Japanese surrender, he was chief of Time and Life International's Tokyo bureau.

All this could, conceivably, make a man bitter. But Mydans looked straight into the face of war and found, amidst the violence, courage, tenderness, and compassion. It's all in MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE (Harper, $4), a book without a single photo to illustrate it. None is needed. Mydans is as eloquent with words as he is with his camera. He ends his story thus:

"I cannot tell you where our history is leading us, or through what suffering, or into what era of war or peace. But wherever it is, I know men of good heart will be passing there."

A man of rare good heart was **William F. McDermott**, former dramatic editor and columnist for *The Cleveland Plain Dealer*. And equally rare was his skill as a writer.

THE BEST OF MCDERMOTT (World, $4.50) is a selection of his inimitable observations on the theater, politics, war, writing, travel, sports, and his dog. It has gone straight onto the shelf of favorites I keep close at hand for reading when other books pall, for it is, truly, Bill McDermott at his wonderful best.

Abigail Van Buren, who dispenses salty, common-sense advice in her syndicated newspaper column *Dear Abby*, speaks with her usual frankness and savor in DEAR TEEN-AGER (Random House, $2.95).

She says the book was "edited and approved" by her own teen-agers, Jeanne and Eddie. But I don't think they edited it much. The advice is straight from Mom, bravely and honestly spoken. One chapter deals with a subject seldom touched in books for teen-agers: Should I date out of my faith? Abby's answer: No.

Like most books on our 49th state, ALASKA, U.S.A. (Little, Brown, $4.50) describes a land of breath-taking contrasts, appealing to the adventurous, warning away the timid.

But, reflecting the resentment Alaskans feel about outsiders' misconcep-

The Best Love Stories Are Lived

. . . sometimes happily, sometimes stormily, but always more romantically than in any novel. In Valentine month, therefore, we suggest reading:

Immortal Wife by ***Irving Stone*** (*Doubleday, $3.50*)—distance didn't lessen the intensity of the love that explorer John C. Frémont and his wife, Jessie, had for each other.

Preacher's Kids by ***Grace Nies Fletcher*** (*Dutton, $3.75*)—the romance and marriage of a Methodist preacher, Lee Nies, and his wife, Myrtie, sparkle in their daughter's story.

The General's Wife by ***Isabel Ross*** (*Dodd, Mead, $5*)—plain and portly, but adored, was the wife of Ulysses S. Grant, Union general who became president of the United States.

They Called Him Stonewall by ***Burke Davis*** (*Rinehart, $6.*)—Confederate Lt.-Gen. Stonewall Jackson found extraordinary happiness in marriage to his second wife, Anna.

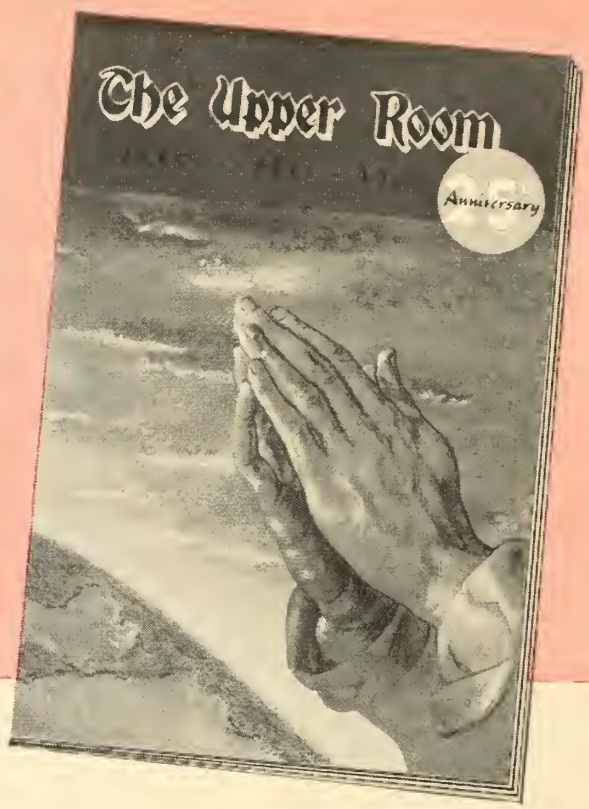
The Bitter Fruit of Kom Pawi by ***Taiwon Koh*** (*Winston, $3.50*)—marriage between modern Koreans is described in this story of a graduate of Methodism's Ewha University.

This Life I've Led by ***Babe Didrickson Zaharias*** as told to ***Harry Paxton*** (*Barnes, $4*)—the great woman athlete was a loving wife and a gallant fighter against cancer.

Mary Lincoln: Biography of a Marriage by ***Ruth Painter Randall*** (*Little, Brown, $5.75*)—the wife of one of our most beloved presidents was one of history's most misunderstood women.

Adventurous Alliance by ***Louise Hall Tharp*** (*Little, Brown, $5*)—it was marriage for people from different worlds when Swiss naturalist Louis Agassiz wed Lizzie Cary of Boston.

WORLD'S MOST WIDELY USED Devotional Guide marks its 25TH ANNIVERSARY

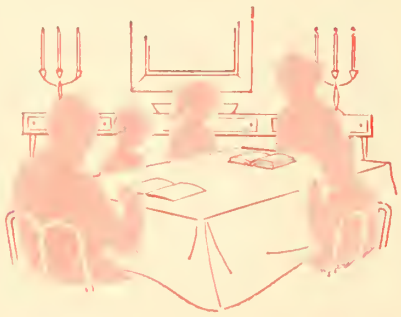


Back in 1935, there was born an idea for a pocket-size periodical with fresh, timely devotions for each day, written by thoughtful Christians of all evangelical denominations, for Christian families everywhere.

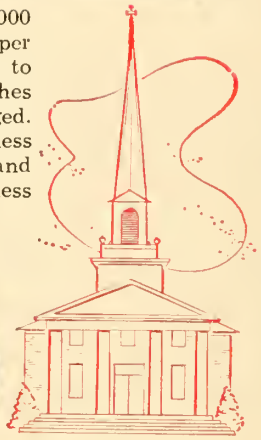
This year, grown to record-shattering circulation, The Upper Room marks its Twenty-fifth Anniversary. An estimated 10,000,000 Christian men, women and children in all parts of the world use it now to guide their daily worship. It has inspired countless lives, taught people of every land how to approach God, made the Christian message more vital to millions.

With no denominationalism in its contents, The Upper Room is distributed regularly by over 70,000 churches, going into the homes six times a year, expressing concern for the spiritual welfare of the family, leading them in daily devotions, encouraging Bible reading and prayer, reminding them each day of their church and pastor.

Use of The Upper Room helps form the family devotions habit, which becomes the "tie that binds" even when life brings the times of separation — children in college, in the armed services or away in business. Joining in the same devotional each day holds the family together in spirit and loyalty. Many broken homes have been prevented or mended through family prayer.



Because of its large printing (over 3,000,000 copies of each bi-monthly issue) The Upper Room is offered at a minimum of cost to churches and to individuals. Where churches so desire, consignment orders may be arranged. Many individuals make their personal witness by distributing The Upper Room. Braille and Talking book editions are also available, at less than cost of production.



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tions, **Herb** and **Miriam Hilscher** make it clear that reading about traveling the Yukon in a canoe will not prepare you for life among Alaska's million-dollar office buildings and ultramodern hotels.

A friend who saw military duty there says the authors have captured the spirit of the land better than any book he has seen. Especially valuable is a chapter for military personnel that advises families to be ready for rugged but not impossible living.

Several references to Alaska Methodist University remind us, too, of our church's stake in the development of this new and exciting state.

For a picture of Alaska 30 years ago, read NORTH TO ALASKA'S SHINING RIVER (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.50). In a warmly personal autobiography, **Hazel Berto** tells of going to an Eskimo village east of Nome when she was a bride of 18.

She and her husband were sent there by the Indian Bureau to teach the Eskimos. In addition to presiding over a classroom, this meant taking care of the sick, helping bury the dead, and supervising the yearly reindeer roundup. In that pioneer land Mrs. Berto found monotony, danger—and satisfaction.

Collecting material for her biography of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, **Catherine Drinker Bowen** learned not to appear on Beacon Hill doorsteps in a smart "little black dress." Tweeds were the thing to assure her welcome with the ladies of Boston, she discovered, "and the older the better, with a matching tweed hat, handsome suede gloves, and around the neck a discreet, unfashionable piece of fur that had belonged to my mother." So she reports in ADVENTURES OF A BIOGRAPHER (Little, Brown, $4).

These adventures range from 1937 to 1951 and, told with wit and deft characterization, reflect the goals and ideals of a first-rate biographer.

Explorer-newscaster **Lowell Thomas** has produced a book of short biographies of 101 men and women in history who have impressed him—among them, John Wesley. It's titled THE VITAL SPARK: 101 GREAT LIVES (Doubleday, $5.75), and it's a good volume for the home reference shelf.

Can a literary masterpiece be created by a committee? I would have said no—until I was reminded that it was a committee that created the *King James Bible*. The book that reminded me was THE LEARNED MEN (Crowell, $4.00).

Chicago-born **Gustavus Swift Paine** has produced a fascinating reconstruction of the making of that great Bible—and he also gives us a

Transplanted Christians

By ROY L. SMITH

THE NURSERYMAN had come to help us landscape our new yard and we asked him about moving a lovely tree.

"That tree," he replied, "is a beautiful thing and it makes a fine impression. But is does not transplant well. It never seems to adjust itself to strange soil."

The nurseryman put his finger on one of the most serious problems of present-day churches: families on the move. Millions pull up stakes every year and move. And the resultant loss to the Church is terrific. The cause of the defections is precisely the same thing to which the nurseryman referred—they do not transplant well.

"We came into this community five years ago and we just never got started going to church again," is a familiar statement. Back home we were up to our necks in church work. But we've been so tied up with our new jobs and our new house that we never got going again."

Let's admit that church services in the new community are not entirely like those in the home church. And perhaps the new church did not show sufficient interest in strangers. But when all such faults have been confessed, it remains true that the newcomers also failed. They adjusted to every change except their spiritual responsibilities.

One individual explained: "I guess I was never much of a Christian, even back home. The biggest thing about the church was the fact that it supplied me with friends. I had grown up in it and I continued in it, not as a matter of deep conviction but as a matter of convenience. And when I came here I dropped out because I found my friends in other circles."

The man who drops his church connections easily has never had deep religious interests. To the man with a profound conviction that Jesus Christ is a necessity, the church becomes a necessity. To that one who believes in the divine destiny of the institution, a transplanting is not a serious matter.

One family with a lifetime record of faithful church attendance moved into a new community but was not welcomed by the congregation as it should have been. "They act as if they didn't care whether we came or not," said the woman. "We don't feel like going any more."

"You forget," her sister replied, "that the church does not belong to those people. It belongs to the family of God. You are members of that family. Move in as if you belonged."

It should be remembered further that the morning-worship service is not a social occasion. It is a time when the people come together to cultivate the sense of the presence of God. The stranger is cultivated at the woman's society, the men's club, and similar gatherings.

The time to prepare for the transplanting is before it has begun. He is a wise man who girds himself for moving before he has to move.

Fourth in a Series
on Hymns to Live By

We Sing of Faith!

By DORON K. ANTRIM

IN TIMES of challenge, decision, and disaster, when faith needs to be bulwarked, millions of English-speaking people turn instinctively for strength to a hymn almost 250 years old.

The singing of *O God, Our Help in Ages Past* immediately followed the BBC announcement September 3, 1939, that Great Britain had declared war on Germany. It was sung by British and American statesmen and servicemen on the battleship in mid-ocean when the Atlantic Charter was signed in August, 1941. The favorite hymn of President Eisenhower, its singing helped while he was convalescing from his heart attack in 1955.

The author of this moving lyric was Dr. Isaac Watts (1674-1748), one of the foremost English hymn writers. Most authorities agree that it is the best of more than 600 hymns he wrote. You'll find it in *The Methodist Hymnal,* No. 533.

Taking his inspiration from the first part of the 90th Psalm, the poet wrought a message which proclaims in beautiful simplicity that man is immortal—and God is his unfailing hope.

A Nonconformist clergyman, Isaac Watts blamed the poor congregational singing of his day on the lack of good hymns as much as on the indolent clergy who relegated music to paid choirs and organists. Ignoring pessimistic contemporaries, Dr. Watts sought to awaken the voice of congregational song. He began by versifying the revered Psalms of David and eventually succeeded in convincing his opponents that he had no motive other than to give Christians better hymns for praising God. His verses appeared in a series of books published between 1706 and 1746, many of the hymns being mingled with other poetry and with prose works. Respected as a theologian as much as a poet, he authored sermons and philosophical studies important to early Protestantism.

Unlike many poets, Dr. Watts lived to see his work enthusiastically accepted by the public. A colonial edition of one of his books of verse was a best seller published by Benjamin Franklin in 1741. Today *The Methodist Hymnal* includes 17 of Watts' hymns, second only to the 54 by Charles Wesley.

O God, Our Help in Ages Past first appeared in Watts' monumental work, *The Psalms of David, Imitated in the Language of the New Testament, and apply'd to the Christian State and Worship,* published in 1719. In Watts' original version, the hymn had nine stanzas, but only the first, second, third, fifth, and ninth now are in common use. John Wesley altered the first lines of the first and last verses, changing them from "Our God, Our Help" to the familiar "O God, Our Help."

The musical setting probably was composed by William Croft (1678-1727), organist at Westminster Abbey. Known as *St. Anne's Tune,* it is as timeless as Dr. Watts' words.

Physically unimposing, Isaac Watts stood a mere five feet, with large nose, low forehead, prominent cheekbones, and small, piercing gray eyes. The only woman he ever loved summarily rejected his attentions with, "I'm sorry, Dr. Watts." However, they remained good friends for years and she later softened her curt refusal with the explanation, "I admired the jewel but not the casket."

In poor health most of his later life, Dr. Watts died November 25, 1748. He was buried in a Puritan resting place at Bunhill Fields and a monument was erected to him in Westminster Abbey. But in the hearts of Christians, the most enduring monument is the hymn of undying faith with which the poet blazed forth his love of God.

richly human record of the lives of the 50-odd men who did the translating. It took a large amount of literary sleuthing to accomplish this, for Paine found little help in standard reference books. The trail led to the great libraries of London, and Oxford and Cambridge, to 17th-century writings of individual translators, to records of the court of King James I, and even to wills and neglected archives.

Those who earn a living in America's giant corporations have been characterized variously as organization men and women, corporation men, and (inaccurately) wearers of gray suits. But whatever you may call them, **Alan Harrington** thinks they may be a new species.

LIFE IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE (Knopf, $4.50) is Harrington's description of his four years on the staff of one of the largest companies. It was a pleasant sojourn, unique in its absence of nervousness. Then, what on earth was he worrying about? Well, he missed the excitements and miseries that come with unprotected, unguided living. He wonders, too, if our founding fathers would be pleased to have the future of the U.S. entrusted to the care of the civilized but insulated corporation man.

After a delighted gallop through TEN EVER-LOVIN', BLUE-EYED YEARS WITH POGO by **Walt Kelly** (Simon and Schuster, $4.95), I'm more convinced than ever that the Okefenokee Swamp down in Georgia really is peopled by a lot of lovable little talking animal critters whose nonsense makes a lot of sense.

This is the biggest book of cartoons I remember having seen. It has 288 large pages, nearly 1,000 daily panels selected from the decade since Pogo made his appearance in the newspapers, and several thousand words of enlightening comment by the father of Pogo. Kelly makes sense, even while he's writing nonsense.

Back in the 20s and 30s, I kept librarians busy issuing me books by Stephen Leacock. In those days even Robert Benchley left me a little cold and I had yet to encounter the word magic of James Thurber.

About the same time a studious youngster named **Ralph L. Curry** was doing the same thing. But with him something came of it, as witness STEPHEN LEACOCK, HUMORIST AND HUMANIST (Doubleday, $4.95), a biography of the late Canadian professor at McGill University. It's a thorough job—perhaps a little too thorough and pedantic for anyone who isn't acquainted with Leacock humor. And the Leacock fan may be disappointed that Curry didn't reprint more choice samples of Leacock's writings such as

this one, inspired by "brutal" treatment at the hands of English customs officials:

" 'Let me tell you . . .' I said, 'that I am an anarchistic polygamist, that I am opposed to all forms of government, that I object to any kind of revealed religion, that I regard the state and property and marriage as the mere tyranny of the bourgeoisie, and that I want to see class hatred carried to the point where it forces every one into brotherly love. Now, do I get in?'

"The official looked puzzled for a minute. 'You are not Irish, are you, sir?' he said.

" 'No.'

" 'Then I think you can come in all right,' he answered."

Walter Havighurst, authority on the American Midwest, and artist Harve Stein have combined their talents to give young readers a good idea of what life was like in Ohio in the early 1800s. An especially interesting chapter for Methodists in THE FIRST BOOK OF PIONEERS (Watts, $1.95) is on the circuit rider.

Our 10-year-old enjoyed this, though I think the description of life in the woods appealed to him a lot more than the chapter on frontier schoolrooms.

Last November was the centennial of Protestantism in Japan, but Columbia University Professor **Donald Keene**, an authority on Japanese life, takes a dim view of Christianity's future there.

While Santa Claus makes his appearance and many non-Christian households are graced by Christmas trees, Dr. Keene says in LIVING JAPAN (Doubleday, $7.95) that he believes the promise of a Christian Japan seems less close of achievement now than it did in the 1880s.

Many Christians may dispute this view, but few will argue the magnificence and interest of his book. The 70,000 words of text are so excellently put together, the 158 illustrations—mostly photos, many in color—such a delight, that it will be read and enjoyed before it is put on the shelf as an indispensable reference.

Big sisters are expected to care for the younger children, says Living Japan.

Everett W. Palmer, minister of the First Methodist Church in Glendale, Calif., is no stranger to TOGETHER readers. His major concern is to help people develop a healthy outlook. Now, in a book on how to meet everyday problems with the resources of the Christian faith, he examines such problems as worry, temptation, loneliness, sorrow, hostility, and weakness in the light of Christ's teachings.

The book is YOU CAN HAVE A NEW LIFE! (Abingdon, $2.25), and it's a hopeful, optimistic little volume.

A look into the lives of South America's dictators can scarcely be a pretty one, but TWILIGHT OF THE TYRANTS (Holt, $4.50) tackles the job. It examines the maneuverings of the now out-of-office Peron of Argentina, Perez Jiminez of Venezuela, Colombia's Rojas Pinilla, Manuel Odria of Peru, and Brazil's portly Getulio Vargas.

Tad Szulc, a *New York Times* correspondent in South America, gives a fairly comprehensive biography of each. The common theme is of a man being hailed as a savior, then refusing to step down when "order" is achieved.

The book has two important facets —a willingness to give credit where it is due and to present the somewhat incredible role of the U.S. in helping to shape the course of dictator history.

Known the world over as a great epic and literary classic, Homer's *Iliad* was composed primarily to amuse. In THE ANGER OF ACHILLES (Doubleday, $5.00) **Robert Graves** has translated the narrative into sharp, clear prose, interpolating the songs into exquisite lyric poetry and catching the comedy and biting satire that is lacking in the usual solemn, pedantic versions.

The story of three days of the Trojan War is engrossing. In the hands of a man who is an accomplished novelist and poet, it makes superb reading.

Drawings by Ronald Searle, the *Punch* cartoonist, point up the satire.

PREMARITAL DATING BEHAVIOR (Holt, $6) won't create the furor that resulted from Dr. Kinsey's reports. But for those who are seriously concerned, this scientific study by sociologist **Winston Ehrmann** is a valuable journey into today's youth culture. It views sexual expression in terms of human relationships rather than in Dr. Kinsey's more biological terms.

—BARNABAS

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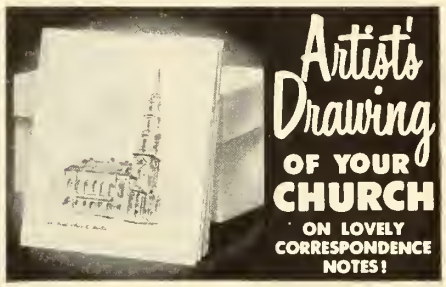

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Browsing in Fiction

Gerald Kennedy

BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA, THE METHODIST CHURCH

IF ANYONE had told me that a novel on the U.S. Senate could be at the same time realistic and inspiring, I would have thought him mad. Yet that precisely describes an unusual new book which, although it is the author's first try at book-length fiction, jumped almost immediately into most best-seller lists. It is

ADVISE AND CONSENT, by Allen Drury *(Doubleday, $5.75)*.

I am so enthusiastic about it, I am sure I will overstate the case. The author has covered the Senate as a newspaperman for a long time. He knows what he is talking about and he writes with a smooth adequacy. Of course, it is the great indoor sport to try and figure out who these fictional characters really are. A few of them seem fairly obvious, but the rest are beyond me.

They are not all admirable men by any means, and there is reflected the prejudice and personal animosity of powerful individuals who cannot or will not forget personal slights. Yet underneath all the compromise and the many deals there is a fundamental integrity in the leaders.

It seemed to me that here is a true picture of democracy with its dangers and its strengths. Like others, I am aware that politics is something quite different from a church. If we could define politics as "the art of the possible" we would not be too far astray. Its nature demands give and take, and the successful politician has to be a man who recognizes that principles, if they are to be advanced, sometimes have to retreat.

But what impressed me most about this book is that there is an assumption that the moral law operates in politics as well as everywhere else. I have read some theologians who seem to doubt this. It means something to have a practical reporter remind us that there is no part of our life which is free from morality and its consequences. Of the many books I have read in recent months, I found this one of the hardest to lay aside.

THE CAVE, by Robert Penn Warren *(Random House, $4.95)*.

There is some symbolism in this book, but not enough to disturb you. It is quite obvious that Warren is talking about human life caught in a cave, even as Plato intimated. But it is not the kind of book that keeps you wondering what he means. The central event is a boy losing his life in a cave. Then the author tells us about all those people who were involved with that life and why they became what they are. There is a Baptist preacher and a Greek restaurant owner and an old blacksmith dying of cancer. There is a great deal of sex and betrayal. Robert Penn Warren is a master of his craft and I had the feeling he came close to writing a great book.

Unquestionably, this is the kind of work that holds your interest while you are reading it. But after the book has been read, the impact fades quickly. I can still think of it with interest, but as I look back upon it, there is a curious flatness in its plot. It is, however, far above much of the stuff being published in great quantity.

THE CRIME OF GIOVANNI VENTURI, by Howard Shaw *(Holt, $3.95)*.

This is a delightful little story which will not tax your power of concentration. It tells about a restaurant owner in Rome who was threatened with bankruptcy when a chain restaurant located a few doors from him. He decided to dig a tunnel from his restaurant to the kitchen of his competitor. By getting the right man planted in the rival's kitchen, he was able to get his food for nothing. This is as much of the story as I can tell you without giving away the plot.

However, there are some nice and interesting people in it and you will be glad to know that it turns out quite satisfactorily. It is one of those little plots without much moral in it and certainly discusses no great issues. It is, in brief, like some of our modern-day preaching.

Remember last winter's roundup of miscellaneous hobbies? Now here are more Methodists who share their enjoyment—and

More HOBBIES UNLIMITED

AT THE AGE of 13, Florence M. Schaffer served notice of a special talent by capturing her first blue ribbon for flower arrangement in competition with some astonished adults. That was no fluke; in the 40 years since, Mrs. Schaffer has continued her winning ways at hundreds of flower shows throughout her native California. While rearing three boys, keeping a hand in many community activities, and being a leading worker in her church, she has gained national recognition as an authority on flower culture and arranging. Three years ago she wrote *ABC of Driftwood for Flower Arrangers* [Hearthside Press, $3.95], a leading source book about the booming specialty in which she has pioneered.

Obviously, this gifted artisan is dedicated to her hobby. But few people know that her hobby also is dedicated —to others.

"I discovered long ago," she explains, "that the way to enjoy a hobby is to share it. Then, too, I always have had such a good time working at my hobbies that I felt a bit selfish. Turning them into help for others sort of evens up the fun!"

By using her ability to create beauty from the commonplace, Mrs. Schaffer raises funds for humanitarian causes—community welfare work as well as missionary projects of her home church, Kingsburg Methodist, in the San Joaquin Valley town of Kingsburg. Recently, at one of the benefit driftwood teas she sponsors annually, she turned over a $500 book-royalty check to the Kingsburg WSCS missionary budget. Donations at the door, totaling $900, went to the Fresno County Mentally Retarded Foundation. This eight-year-old driftwood and flower show now is so large that it is held regularly in the church's social hall. Several dozen other well-known flower

Mrs. Schaffer: From flowers, a lifelong hobby—and help for others.

arrangers, some from other states, contribute samples of their artistry to the exhibition.

It was in the church that Mrs. Schaffer—aided by a young woman's Sunday-school class she taught 30 years ago—first applied her hobby to benefit others. Over three years, the class raised $1,000 at "mum teas" to help build the Klang Girl's School in Malaya, established by Mrs. Schaffer's sister and Methodist-missionary brother-in-law.

Clearly, Florence Schaffer has never been content to hide her talent under a bushel. She has sought and found a way to share her pleasure with others. And that's why her hobby has given such special, continuing enjoyment.

Mr. Thorn: Going strong at 97, he backs up his tales of the Old West with relics he collected long ago from real-life Indians.

WILLIAM H. THORN assembled his remarkable collection of Indian relics and artifacts the hard way—by hiking over much of the Old West and picking up choice items directly from the red men. Of course, he had a head start on today's collectors. For Mr. Thorn, a long-time resident of Redlands, Calif., was born in an Iowa log cabin 97 years ago last month. As a government surveyor who logged an unsurpassed mileage record, he saw—and helped—the West grow up from near-infancy to today's maturity.

The twinkling eyes of this alert, active oldster, whose attendance at Redlands' First Methodist Church is almost as good as his minister's, still reflect the youthful enthusiasm he had at 21. It was then, heeding the rallying cry of his generation, that he went West. First stop: Coldwater, Kans., where for three years he surveyed in Comanche county. Then he pulled up stakes and went to Oklahoma for the historic April 22, 1889, homesteader's rush on the 2-million acre Indian Territory. Staying nearly six years, he surveyed among Seminole, Cherokee, Creek, Choctaw, Arapaho, and Cheyenne tribes. His collection mushroomed.

But his richest hobby harvest came during 32 action-packed years as a U.S. cadastral engineer. Thanks to those far-ranging travels, today he can draw on his collection to illustrate the differences in moccasins made by the Papagos of Arizona (skillfully done, modern in design), the Assiniboins of northern Montana (beautiful bead ornamentation), and the plains-roaming Sioux (their moccasins were largest, since tribesmen were tall and muscular). Proudly displayed on Mr. Thorn's living-room wall are beautifully woven baskets, their colors still crisp, made by the Temecula tribe, California's so-called Mission Indians. From New Mexico came several fine pieces of Pueblo pottery, while an Indian in neighboring Arizona—clad only in buckskin and a top hat—sold him a beautiful jar-shaped basket, 1½ feet high, woven of yucca fiber. During three seasons in Alaska, Mr. Thorn added such choice artifacts as a delicate pair of furry, bead-trimmed infant moccasins and a huge, well-tanned moose hide softer than most suède.

Mr. Thorn purchased most of his Indian rugs, baskets, beaded work, and pottery. Yet he found some of his best relics in remote desert regions of the Southwest. One piece, a centuries-old granite ax head, poked above the sand after a flash flood nearly swept away his camp. South of the Grand Canyon, around Montezuma Castle (now a national monument), he and a surveying party found great piles of broken pottery and household utensils. This he takes as evidence that Mexico's ancient Aztecs, or some similar civilization, once penetrated into what now is the U.S.

These and hundreds of other relics

Mrs. Humphrey: Her speedy knitting keeps scores of Korean orphans warm.

and artifacts—plus such souvenirs as wild-animal horns and rattlesnake skins—today give dramatic authenticity to the exciting tales Mr. Thorn loves to tell his four grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. Partly for them, he has written down many of his adventures. In sharing his hobby, he's certainly made life more interesting for his family.

EVERY THREE or four months, Mrs. E. B. Humphrey piles her dining-room table high with knitted garments and begins packing them in a sturdy cardboard box. No more than 22 pounds later, the maximum weight allowed for such shipments to Korea, she has stuffed the box with dozens of articles—sweaters and caps to fit youngsters up to four years old, and booties and mittens for infants. To each item she pins a bright handkerchief as a surprise bonus.

Many Americans, of course, regularly send clothing parcels overseas for needy children. But Mrs. Humphrey knits every article herself. At last report she had sent 151 sweaters, 276 caps, and 60 pairs of booties and mittens to Korean orphans, all while busy holding important posts in Wesley Methodist Church, Des Moines, Iowa, and in her Conference WSCS. Currently she is Conference historian and public-relations chairman, as well as president of the Des Moines Council of United Church Women.

But nothing seems to slow Mrs. Humphrey's busy knitting needles. In fact, her hobby got its start six years ago because of a jam-packed schedule. At that time she was traveling frequently to give talks on missions and often found herself idle while awaiting bus or train connections. Knitting was the perfect solution. Now it's so much second nature that Mrs. Humphrey can speed through several rows of a sweater or cap while conversing, listening to a speech, or watching television. Between these larger knitting projects, she often turns out two or three pairs of booties or mittens—"for relaxation," she laughs.

Letters from the Methodist missions in Taejon and Seoul, where Mrs. Humphrey sends her packages, make it clear that the knitted clothing is helping ease a desperate need. (Among recipients are children in a tuberculosis hospital which has no central heating through Korea's long, harsh winter.)

Mrs. Humphrey has one secret desire. Someday, unexpectedly, she hopes to see a picture showing a Korean youngster wearing one of the garments she's made. And the way she continues to bend the law of averages her way, chances are it won't be long before this happens. —RICHARD C. UNDERWOOD

Name Your Hobby

AMATEUR RADIO: John Maikisch (WV2HBD), 166 Washington St., Freeport, N.Y.; Thomas Mount (WPE2AJK), 31 Rumson Pl., Red Bank, N.J.

ANTIQUES: Bill Stark, Powhattan, Kans. (especially guns).

ART: Mrs. Evelyn S. Johnson, 701 Park Dr., Erlton, N.J.

BOXES: Mrs. Orval C. Francis, Shady Nook Farm, Red Cloud, Nebr. (collecting all sizes, materials, shapes).

BUTTONS: Gary Barcus, Fruita, Colo. (advertising, novelty, campaign).

CHINA: Mrs. A. P. Hubbard, 5920 37th Ave., Kenosha, Wis. (antique ironstone).

CHURCH BULLETINS: Rev. J. C. Gilland, 80 28th St., NW, Hickory, N.C.; Mrs. William C. Daigneault, 247 Hallman Ave., Oceanside, N.Y.; Norman E. Trolia, 2304 E. Prairie St., Decatur, Ill.; Mrs. R. L. Crawford, 3506 7th St., Tuscaloosa, Ala.

ENGINES: Ralph H. Trout, 194 N. Pearl St., Bridgeton, N.J. (old model airplane).

ENTERING CONTESTS: Mrs. Lloyd E. Knox, 471 Junipero Ave., Pacific Grove, Calif.

GENEALOGY: Gordon W. Williams, Wolcott Hill Rd., Camden, N.Y. (Williams, Durst, Clemens); Dr. Louis A. Astell, 909 S. Elm St., Champaign, Ill. (Astill, Astell, Astle, Russell); Geneva Reinecke Brown, 406 S. Sycamore, Iola, Kans. (Mittan, Bearly, Beirly, Bierly, Myers, Early, Reinecke, Mitten, Whiteis, Woolem); Jerry Mullins, 1188 Oakdale Rd., Smyrna, Ga. (Clinkscales, Davis); Rev. John H. Andersen, 1703 Manning, Hannibal, Mo. (Andersen, Andresen, Grisham, Slaughter, Heavenridge, Spencer, Hoffhines).

Michael Motes, R. 1, Box 250, Smyrna, Ga. (Motes, Birmingham, Hunnicutt, Minge, Collins, Putman, Taylor, Mullins, Martin, Mitchell, Penn, Owsley, West, Garrett, Scarborough, Ashley, Dodds, Camp, Price, Henry, Woddall, Kerby, Picklesimer, Rowell, Huddleston, O'Neal, O'Neil, Harrison, Hunter, Walton, Gregory, Bishop, Pendleton, Cummings, Middleton, Boone, Dendy, Madden, Tucker, Ball, Patterson, Fletcher, Markham, Charlton, Butler, Hyde, Durham, Flancher, Carlton, Waddell; also will hunt genealogical data in Georgia records at no cost if request includes a stamped, self-addressed return envelope).

Mrs. Charles R. Jones, RR 2, Shirley, Ind. (Ebbert, Ebert, Jackson, Grider, Spaulding, Beck, Jones); Mrs. N. D. Showalter, 5502 Coe Dr., Wichita 8, Kans. (Showalter, Thomas, Shoopman, Keenan, Cox, Church, Graves, Skeat, Johnston, McCrossen, Reid, Killom, Nourse, Lavery, Swab); Mrs. V. E. Maxwell, 1585 NW 124th St., Miami 68, Fla. (Maxwell, Maginnis, Howard, Merritt, Ray, Beeks); Mrs. Frank Kirby, Havelock, Iowa (Landmesser, Kridler, Hammer, McKinney, Shultz, Witt, Witte, Neeseman, Kuhn, Kahn).

Cora Dean Camery, 712 Ammon Dr., South Houston, Tex. (Camery, Zike, Brewer, Tolar, Lemonds, Wooden, Foster, Cochron, Johnson, Vanderford, Kirkendall, Wood, Williams, Mason, Sellers); William J. Chanclor, Box 39, White Oak, Ga. (Drury, Sarman, Lightfoot, Jordan, Chanclor, Faircloth, Edwards, McCleallen); Mrs. Barton M. Brooks, 127 S. Midland Ave., Mundelein, Ill. (Town, White, Gilmore, Dodd, Simpkins, Dunlap, Brooks, Phillips, Barton, Mays); Mrs. Fred Averill, East Rumford, Maine (Abbott, Abbot, Averill, Averell, Avery).

HYMNALS: Mrs. Helen Myers, Box 81, Oaktown, Ind.

LANGUAGES: Morton A. Reichardt, 4334 E. Lewis Ave., Phoenix, Ariz. (Spanish).

MARBLES: Greg Hildreth, 471 Junipero Ave., Pacific Grove, Calif. (collecting old-fashioned types).

MILITARY INSIGNIA: Robert Sanders, Box 246, Dawson, Tex. (Army and Air Force shoulder patches).

MINIATURES: Lynn Kennedy, 3312 2nd Ave., W., Bradenton, Fla. (vases).

MUSIC: Dennis Hinde, 16775 Hannah Dr., San Leandro, Calif. (making and collecting popular-music surveys).

NAPKINS: Linda Egger, 546 8th St., Fond du Lac, Wis.

NEEDLEWORK: Mrs. Ernest R. Ferguson, R. 2, SR 278, McArthur, Ohio (quilt patterns).

POST CARDS: Mark Jackson, 5630 Ohio River Rd., Huntington, W. Va.; Mrs. Robert J. Bray, 1420 Tejon Ave., Colton, Calif.; Kay Fleck, Marwood, Pa.; Mrs. Leon Holden, 1142 W. Warren St., Mitchell, Ind. (of covered bridges); Julia White, 1157 E. 4th St., Pomona, Calif.; Ronald G. Causey, Bayou Chicot Rural Station, Ville Platte, La. (of churches); Helen Leonard, RR 3, Washington, Ind. (of churches, state capitols, state maps); Miss Dian Giem, 9920 Bartee Ave., Pacoima, Calif.

Linda M. McCoombe, 719 W. Fisher Ave., Philadelphia 20, Pa. (of state maps, capitols). Wiley Smith, 1206 Northwood, Greensboro, N.C. (of churches); Ann Hansen, 400 N. 4th St., DuBoise, Pa.; Mrs. J. E. Roberts, 311½ W. Main St., Sayre, Okla.; Mrs. David J. Derickson, 2819 Solly Ave., Philadelphia 15, Pa.; Marlene Kay Willis, 512 4th St., Portsmouth, Va.

SALT & PEPPERS: Mrs. Eli Warner, Box 32, Leo, Ind.

SCRAPBOOKS: Mrs. George Koenig, 915 S. 6th St., La Crosse, Wis.

SEWING: Mrs. Charles R. Jones, RR 2, Shirley, Ind. (children's clothes, novelties).

STAMPS: Keith Goodnow, Woodruff, Wis.; Mary Huff, Ainsworth, Nebr.; Hiroshi Kawashima, 423 Shin-2, Kuki, Saitama, Japan; Frances Titchener, 301 32nd St., W., Bradenton, Fla.; Thomas Mount, 31 Rumson Pl., Red Bank, N.J.; Mrs. H. F. Schmidt, 416 Sussex Ave., Spring Lake, N.J.; Linda Jones, 607 N. Missouri St., Fort Stockton, Tex.

PEN PALS (open to age 18): Judy Wilson (17), 211 N. Hobart Rd., Hobart, Ind.; Betty Williams (16), 817 Circle Dr., High Point, N.C.; Mary Propst (15), Box 44, Dakota City, Nebr.; Rosetta Lawson (17), Box 341, Oneco, Fla.; Lynn (11) and Sharon (12) Kennedy, 3312 2nd Ave., W., Bradenton, Fla.; Norda Upton (14), 421 Bowdoin Circle, Lido Shores, Sarasota, Fla.; Wilma Hoenes (12), Box 224, Samoset, Fla.

Hiroshi Kawashima (14), 423 Shin-2, Kuki, Saitama, Japan; Frances Titchener (18), 301 32nd St., W., Bradenton, Fla.; Gretel Augenstein (17), Ellmendingen Uber, Lindenstraube 13, Karlsruhe, Baden, Germany; Bryant Stutz (8), RD 1, Pittstown, N.J.; Janet Bush (13), RFD 1, Frenchtown, N.J.; Penny Burr (10), 514 Spokane Ave., Whitefish, Mont.; Ruby Ferguson (15), R. 2, SR 278, McArthur, Ohio; Susan Hausman (11), 415 Center Way, Lake Jackson, Tex.; Cathy Peace (10), 103 Camellia, Lake Jackson, Tex.; Barbara Staples (11), 3707 Maybeth, Dallas 12, Tex.; Mary Huff (12), Ainsworth, Nebr.; Carol Harris (12), RR 1, Box 186, Rolling Prairie, Ind.

Abdul Rahman Adigun (18), 4 Eleiye Lane, Lagos, Nigeria, British West Africa; Pam Wilcox (13), 561 La Purissima Way, Sacramento 19, Calif.; Marva Jo Faling (14), 2835 Prairie Rd., Lincoln 6, Nebr.; Joseph K. N. Okpokam (18), 50 Oyerokun Rd., Suru-Lere, Yaba, Lagos, Nigeria, West Africa; Richard Foster (16), 2319 Grant, El Paso, Tex.; Pamela Pinnow (13), 7251 W. Lisbon Ave., Milwaukee 16, Wis.; Deborah Joan Jenkins (10), 7260 Amboy Rd., Staten Island 7, N.Y.

Pauline Perry, 1209 S. College Ave., Aledo, Ill. (teaches fifth-grade class desiring correspondence with a similar class in another country); David Wieland (11), 415 Maple, Oakley, Kans.; Sharon VandeBerg (15), 533 Gately Terrace, Madison 5, Wis.; Beth Meyers (14), 717 W. Maple St., Benton, Ark.; Pamela Hughes (11), 1909 Lower Huntington Rd., Fort Wayne, Ind.; Sherry (7) and Lanning (9) Carr, 2608 Eureka Ave., Centralia, Wash.; Laurie Sutherland (13), 535 Birchwood Terrace, Hillsboro, Oreg.

Residents at the Student Club, Perniagaan 310, Bogor, Indonesia: Michael D. Liauw (17); Katherine Thung (15); Mr. Raden Soenarto (17); Mr. Lie T. Liang (16); Ferdy Tjoh (17); Estella Liem (18); Margaret Kwee (16); Penny Thung (17).

Billy's GOOD DEEDS

Together with the SMALL FRY

By MARGARET E. SINGLETON

BILLY Butterfingers had been Mr. Baker's helper in the bakery for quite a while. He hadn't dropped an egg or a trayful of anything in a month. And Mr. Baker called him Billy, instead of Billy Butterfingers, most of the time.

"You'll make a fine baker, Billy," Mr. Baker told him often. "You're learning fast."

One morning when Billy came to work, Mr. Baker was shaking his head and saying to himself, "Oh, dear me, oh, dear me."

"What's the matter, Mr. Baker?" asked Billy.

"I have to go out on business for a while and I haven't had time to bake much," Mr. Baker answered. "Oh, well, it can't be helped. Just sell what's ready and explain to the customers when everything is gone. I'll be back as soon as I can."

After Mr. Baker had left, Billy stood thinking. Hadn't Mr. Baker been telling him he would make a good baker? Why not start right now and surprise Mr. Baker when he came back! He would make cookies, starting with molasses cookies. Then chocolate ones. Then nut ones. Then coconut.

Billy got out everything he would need and started to work. He was stirring happily when suddenly he heard loud voices outside. He went out and found two boys having an argument. It was almost a fight.

"Whoever stops arguing first gets a nice fresh bun," said Billy. The boys both stopped at the same time, so Billy gave each of them a bun and went back inside the bakery.

"Now which cooky was I mixing?" he asked himself. He couldn't remember exactly, so he put in a little of everything and started to stir once again.

All of a sudden he heard somebody calling him. Then he saw his little brother at the door. "The rope I was playing with broke, Billy," he said. "Will you fix it for me?"

"But I'm so busy," said Billy. His little brother looked as though he were going to cry, so Billy stopped stirring and fixed the rope.

Then he went back to his cookies. "Now which cooky was I mixing?" he asked himself again. He couldn't remember this time, either. He thought of starting all over, but he didn't want to waste Mr. Baker's supplies.

"Well," sighed Billy, "I guess I will just have to put in a little of everything." So he stirred in some more molasses and chocolate and nuts and coconut.

Before he could get the cookies in the oven, a small dog came up to the bakery and whimpered outside the door. Billy went out to see what the trouble was. The dog was holding up one paw. There was a large sliver stuck in it. It took Billy a long time to get it out because the dog kept wiggling. When the sliver was out the dog licked Billy's face and ran off, wagging its tail.

Finally Billy got the cookies in the oven. He sold all Mr. Baker's buns and cakes and told the customers why there was nothing more.

"I think I'll wait and buy whatever is baking right now," said one lady.

"So will I," said another. "It smells like something very different."

Mr. Baker came back just as Billy was taking his cookies out of the oven. "Why, Billy," he said, "you've been baking all by yourself!" He took a cooky and began to eat it. "What kind is it? It seems very unusual. It must be new."

"I'm sorry, sir," said Billy. "I don't really know what kind it is. I wanted to surprise you while you were gone, but——" Then Billy told Mr. Baker all that had happened.

Mr. Baker couldn't help laughing. He took another bite of the cooky in his hand. "You know, Billy, this is a pretty good cooky." He patted Billy on the shoulder. "And anyhow, helping others is often more important than anything else you may be doing. Now let's figure out what's in these cookies so we can make some more. We'll call them Billy's Good Deeds, and I have a hunch the customers are going to like them!"

God's Valentines

Gentle winds and laughing rain,
Snow tiptoeing in the lane,
Purring kittens, chirping birds,
People singing happy words,
Bubbling brooks and dancing seas,
Squirrels playing in the trees...
Listen, children, hear God say,
In all seasons, every day,
"I love you.
I love you."

—Ruth Adams Murray

A Recipe for:

FROSTED PUFFIES

FROSTED PUFFIES are a yummy Valentine treat—and you can make them in just a few minutes. All you have to do is:

1 Wash your hands.
2 Put four tablespoons of confectioner's (powdered) sugar in a small bowl.
3 Add one tablespoon of milk and stir the mixture until all the lumps are gone.
4 Add a tiny drop of food coloring and stir again.
5 Stir in a tiny drop of peppermint or wintergreen flavoring.
6 Dip the tops of marshmallows into the frosting and then set the marshmallows on waxed paper.
7 Put a candy heart on top of each puffy, or sprinkle with chopped nuts or cooky-decoration candies.
8 Let the frosting on the marshmallows harden.
9 And then serve the puffies to Valentine friends!

From a tension-torn slum rises a generation of . . .

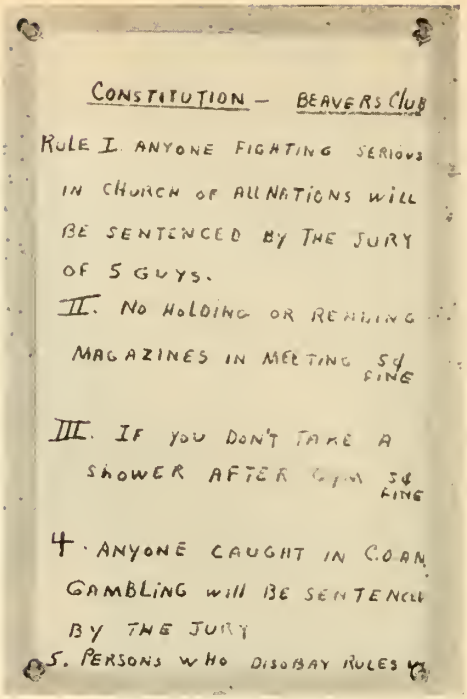
Good Citizens in the Making

ON NEW YORK's Lower East Side, tension, fear, and violence are a part of life. From the area's teeming tenements, one minority group after another—most recently, Negroes and Puerto Ricans—has battled fiercely for acceptance. In this unending struggle, ragged edges of suspicion and rivalry continually open new wounds. Worse, recent talk of slum clearance is driving away many respected community leaders who fear being "bulldozed into the streets." Out of this turbulence, can tomorrow's good citizens emerge?

The answer is an emphatic yes—thanks partly to what goes on behind a bright red door at 9 Second Avenue. Almost lost in a row of dingy store fronts, it is the entryway to the Church of All Nations, a labyrinth of some 70 rooms—including two gymnasiums, a swimming pool, staff residences, and a chapel—spread through most of a five-story brick building. It doesn't look like a church

Baking cookies, an interracial class learns an even more important lesson—brotherhood.

Outdoors for recess exercise, nursery schoolers leave behind the five-story Church of All Nations (center).



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II. NO HOLDING OR READING MAGAZINES IN MEETING 5¢ FINE

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4. ANYONE CAUGHT IN C.O.A.N. GAMBLING WILL BE SENTENCED BY THE JURY

5. PERSONS WHO DISOBAY RULES

Discipline's no problem when clubs police themselves (above).

The pool's fun—and aids cleanliness, too.

These boys' clubbers take good grooming—including tips on shaving—seriously.

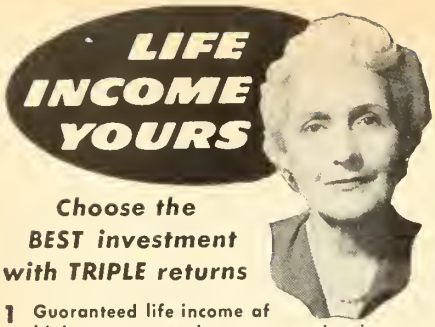
One secret of neatness is wearing a hat properly. Of course, it sometimes requires help.

or sit in churchlike surroundings. (Law officers have used the roof to spot dope peddlers.) But this extraordinary neighborhood house has beamed hope and help to more than two generations of the inner city's bewildered, frightened, and downtrodden. Every day, hundreds participate in constructive activities that begin with early nursery school and end after late-evening classes and guided recreation for teen-agers and adults. On Sundays, worship services are conducted in English, Spanish, Polish, Russian, and Ukrainian.

The Church of All Nations' unique ministry stems primarily from forward-thinking Methodist leaders who, in the 1890s, laid plans for a "House of All Help." Launched in 1902 with funds from the sale of several withering Methodist churches, the project bloomed when the present building was opened in 1923. Substantial support still comes from the Board of Missions.

Today, as always, dedicated workers welcome those of any nationality, race, culture, or religion. Here, as the Church of All Nations trains tomorrow's citizens, brotherhood is in the air—to be caught by all who enter the door at number 9.

A skilled counselor (left, below) shares teen problems.



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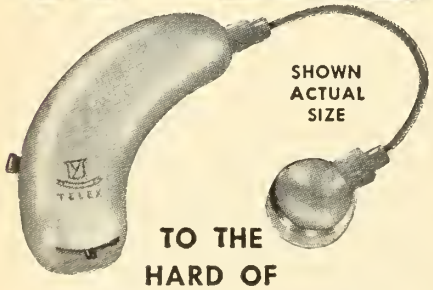

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NEWS of the world parish

CONFERENCE MEMORIALS POURING IN AS ISSUES SHAPE UP

Memorials dealing with scores of subjects, including social issues, the jurisdictional system, the episcopacy, and ministry requirements, are to be submitted to the General Conference for action in April.

Dr. Leon T. Moore of Philadelphia, Conference secretary, reports the number of petitions received by his office at nearly 1,000 so far. He expects from 1,500 to 2,000 by Conference time. The 1956 Conference received 4,986 memorials.

Many deal with the same subject and are identical in form, the greatest number being on the jurisdictional system. At last count more than 200 memorials asked that the present system be retained; fewer are seeking to abolish it.

The petitions come from conferences, districts, youth groups, WSCS groups, boards, committees, commissions, and individuals. The only requirement is that they originate with a source in The Methodist Church. Dr. Moore said some deal with:

Changing the times of Jurisdictional and General Conference meetings.

Granting voting privileges to supply pastors and admitting them to annual conferences.

Uniting the Board of World Peace, the Board of Temperance, and the Board of Social and Economic Relations.

Making conference lay leaders, district lay leaders, and conference WSCS presidents members of their conference.

Continuing the Quadrennial Commission on Christian Higher Education.

Establishing a chair of evangelism in Methodist seminaries.

Continuing aid to John Street Church, New York City, and St. George's, Philadelphia; permitting John Street to solicit aid.

Establishing a revolving loan fund with surplus funds of the church's boards and agencies. The money would be lent to local congregations and/or churches for capital improvements.

Limiting terms of bishops to eight years; limiting assignments of bishops to eight years in one area; providing for election of a bishop-in-reserve and a bishop-at-large.

Removing restrictions on tobacco.

Listing the Methodist Federation for Social Action in the *Discipline*.

Prohibiting use of churches as public classrooms to circumvent integration.

Establishing Methodist shrines.

Several, the secretary said, deal with separation of church and state. Still others ask the Conference for resolutions on topics outside the *Discipline*, for studies to be made, and for other action. They touch on *The Methodist Hymnal*, *Book of Worship*, rituals, church colors, symbols on ministers' stoles, or propose a bill of rights for children. One would substitute the phrase "boys and girls" for children.

Petitioners must submit three signed copies of their memorials to Dr. Moore. They are jacketed, sorted by subjects, numbered, and given to the Committee on Reference. The Committee assigns them to the proper legislative committee, which then decides in what proposals it will concur. Every memorial receives some Conference action.

Changes may be made in committee or from the floor, and adoption or rejection is usually by majority vote. Dr. Moore said memorials must reach him in Philadelphia by April 20 or his Denver office in Municipal Auditorium by the third day of the Conference.

With this poster, Church World Service makes its latest appeal for funds to assist the needy overseas.

Bishop Lowe Dies at 81

Bishop Titus Lowe, who devoted 48 of his 81 years to the Methodist ministry, died November 27 in Indianapolis, Ind. He had been in failing health for two years.

Bishop Lowe

Mr. Lowe was ordained in 1900 and served pastorates in Pennsylvania, Iowa, Nebraska, and Calcutta, India, before his election to the episcopacy in 1924. He was bishop of the Singapore, Portland, and Indiana Areas, retiring in 1948. He was president of the Council of Bishops in 1946.

A native of Billstone, England, he came to this country at 14 and worked in Pittsburgh steel mills.

Survivors include his wife, two daughters, and 10 grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Recommends 3 Boards Unite

The Co-ordinating Council has recommended uniting the Boards of Temperance, World Peace, and Social and Economic Relations into one called the Board of Christian Social Concerns.

The new board would have three divisions: Peace and World Order, Human Relations and Economic Affairs, and Temperance and General Welfare. The number of secretaries needed was not specified.

The Council's recommendation will be submitted to the General Conference. If approved, the plan may go into effect June 1, 1960.

The Council also recommended the new Board's headquarters be in Washington, D.C., with a subsidiary office in New York.

The approved plan followed the general outline of one which the Council submitted earlier to staffs of the three boards, which they approved.

Ban Nuclear Tests By Pact, Board Asks

The Board of World Peace now reveals that it will memorialize the coming General Conference to take a stand in favor of banning nuclear tests.

In a resolution adopted at its annual meeting in Chicago, where it went on record supporting such a prohibition, the Board urged the U.S. and other nations to press for a treaty outlawing nuclear tests. The Board also wants all countries to withhold further tests as requested by the UN.

In other actions, the Board favored (1) exploring the possibility of trade and exchange of persons with Communist China, (2) asking all nations to aim at complete disarmament, and (3) making a thorough study of the "moral and theological problems" involving Christians and modern war.

It further declared that "all sincere conscientious objectors [to the draft] should be granted recognition and assigned to appropriate service regardless of whether they profess religious grounds as the basis of their stand," and recognized "non-violent resistance to evil as a valid form of Christian witness."

The Board approved the proposed union of itself and the Boards of Temperance and Social and Economic Relations.

UPCOMING EVENTS

Of Interest to Methodists Everywhere.

FEBRUARY

9-12—National Seminor on Temperance Legislation, Washington, D.C.
14—Race Relations Sundoy.
16-18—Annual meeting, Board of Hospitals and Homes, Columbus, Ohio.
18-19—Industrial Relotions Conference, Knoxville, Tenn.
21-27—Brotherhood Week.
23-25—Meeting, General Board of Evangelism, Sonta Fe, N. Mex.
28-March 6—Week of Dedication—Week of Evangelism.

WSCS STUDY TOPICS: Generol Program—*This Is the Day*, by Amy Lee; Circle Program—*Homer Toberman Settlement House*, by Louise Larsen.

Teaching Trends Affect Church Architecture

Church-school architecture, which has changed several times in the last century to reflect Christian educational trends, is still on the move, says the Board of Education's division of the local church.

The latest trend is called "team teaching," requiring rooms of from 300 to 750 square feet in which two or more teachers work with classes of 15 to 30 pupils. They remain together for the entire church-school period.

These rooms are especially helpful to a growing church, permitting effective teaching throughout the period of expansion and providing a setting in which methods do not need to remain static, the Board reports.

A century ago, classrooms were large to care for the many pupils in each class. Then, about 1870, they were reduced in size, but one large worship room was retained.

With the introduction around 1920 of graded lesson materials, and singing and worship at each department level, architects began to provide a smaller assembly room and adjoining classrooms (8 to 10 pupils) for each department. Separate buildings were

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sometimes erected for church schools.

About 1930 the self-contained room came into use, combining space for worship and study. This now is giving way to the requirements of team teaching.

Honors for Two Laymen

Two Methodist laymen have been honored for their work in medicine and industry—Dr. Chesley M. Martin of Elgin, Okla., and Gwilym A. Price of Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dr. Martin was named General Practitioner of the Year by the American Medical Association. He is a member of the Elgin church, has had a major role in most of its activities, and as an amateur architect designed the new church and parsonage.

Mr. Price, board chairman of Westinghouse Electric Corp., received the John Fritz engineering medal for industrial leadership in the development of atomic power. He is a member of Crafton church, has served on several boards, and has taken part in Conference programs.

Charity Begins Near Home

Marple Presbyterian Church of Broomall, Pa., did not have to look far for a project to receive its National Missions offering.

The 1,200-member church gave the money to a small nearby Negro Baptist congregation, which for two years has been laboring to build a concrete-block church but, because of a lack of funds, had been unable to roof the building.

South America: Radio Pulpit

There is more religious broadcasting in South America today then any place in the world, says the Rev. Edwin M. Luidens of NCC's Division of Foreign Missions. Up to 2,000 Christian programs go on the air each week, with U.S. church groups alone operating 11 major studios and nine radio stations, he adds.

In Russia: Bibles for Research

Russian libraries have Bibles and other religious books as research material available only to such specialists as clergymen, Barbara Wolfe, a guide at the U.S. Moscow Fair, reports.

The Bible has not been forgotten in

GUEST TICKETS

Those desiring guest tickets for the 1960 General Conference, to be held in Denver, April 27-May 11, should send requests to the Rev. J. Otis Young, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.

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the USSR and is "desperately needed," she told a meeting of the American Bible Society's Advisory Council. Miss Wolfe, now a State Department employee, suggested tourists take Bibles to the USSR to give away.

Back Sunday Closing

The National Retail Merchants Association and the Variety Stores Association have again asked retailers to remain closed on Sundays. The two groups represent 20,500 businesses in all 50 states.

Reiterating an earlier joint statement, the organizations said, "There is no need for any retailer to open on any Sunday and we strongly condemn such a practice."

Many civic and religious organizations have expressed vigorous support of the statement.

The National Council of Churches commended the two groups for their "sense of social responsibility."

The Church's 'Great Sin'

"The great sin of the church," literacy pioneer Dr. Frank C. Laubach has told a meeting of Virginia clergymen, "is that we are complacent while people are hungry and sick and naked, and getting worse all the time as we are getting better.

"The church," he added, "is doing less about it than anybody else."

The missionary-teacher's literacy program has helped thousands in 97 countries to read and write.

He urged American churches to send missionaries "who can teach the natives agricultural methods, literacy, how to dig wells, and so on." He said Prime Minister Nehru of India once told him, "If you send people to teach us to read, we do not care how much you talk about Christianity."

Offices of the Board of Missions in New York City now are in this new Protestant Interchurch Center.

Seeks Housing Freedom

The New York State Council of Churches, representing more than 2 million Protestant-Orthodox members, has announced it will seek a state law prohibiting discrimination in private housing for reasons of race, religion, or national origin.

It will also seek a law to prevent real-estate agents from practicing discrimination in the advertising or sale of housing.

Africa Uneasy, Bishop Finds

Bishop Hazen G. Werner of Columbus, Ohio, returning from a tour of Methodist African missions, says he found native unrest "extremely intense in some places."

Everywhere, he reported, there is a "general overtone of 'Africa for the Africans,'" but many natives, including Christians, feel that to drive out the white man would mean a reversion to primitive conditions. Missionaries in trouble spots, he reported, intend to continue their work unless forced to leave.

With Mrs. Werner, the bishop took part in the first Christian Family Life Conference ever held in Africa.

Talents Raise $1,700

A recent issue of *Woman's Day* magazine tells how the WSCS in Demarest, N.J., used the parable of the talents to raise $1,000 pledged to the building fund.

The 50 members knitted hats, designed jewelry, sat with babies, sold Christmas cards and candles, crocheted doll blankets, ran a taxi service, and baked pastries. After paying their pledge, they had $700 left for a new kitchen. The new church was dedicated last September.

Education More Serious

Dr. Mary Alice Jones, author and director of children's work for The Methodist Church, believes that Christian education is more serious and more humble today than at the turn of the century.

"The reality of sin and the perverse nature of man are being faced much more seriously," she told a Christian-education conference in St. Paul, Minn.

Conference's New Loan Fund

The Southern California-Arizona Conference has initiated the Stewardship Loan Fund to help member churches in financial difficulties.

Within a few weeks of its establishment, the Fund had collected $100,000 and loaned $78,000.

The Board of Missions handles the Fund, paying 4½ per cent interest to investors and collecting 5½ per cent

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American-Style Services

Methodists in Scandinavian countries have adopted two worship innovations usually associated with American churches—TV and the drive-in service.

The Rev. Arne-Jacob Kristoffersen, Methodist newsman in northern Europe, reports that St. Peter's Methodist Church in Stockholm, Sweden, presented its first TV worship service last fall. A drive-in service conducted by the Rev. Hakan Ekholm, in Jacobstad, Finland, he adds, attracted an interdenominational group of 200.

Bible Group Needs Funds

The American Bible Society says it must have increased support from Protestant denominations and church members if it is to provide Scriptures in a world of exploding population.

An executive secretary's report to the ABS Advisory Council meeting said 22 million volumes of Scripture were distributed by the ABS and other groups in 1958, but "despite our best efforts, with present levels of support, the societies are unable to provide even one copy of Scripture for each new literate every year."

Iowa Has 10-Year Program

Iowa Methodists plan to meet the church needs of a changing state with a 10-year program approved at a recent meeting of the North and South Iowa Annual Conferences.

The goals include a minimum of 14 new congregations and the linking or merging of present congregations so that each pastor will have at least 400 parishioners.

New Drunk-Driving Cartoon

The Board of Temperance, in cooperation with TRAFCO and the National Safety Council, has produced a 10-minute cartoon film with a new approach to the driving-drinking problem.

Called *Stop Driving Us Crazy,* it

Rusty, the spy creature from Mars (lower left), collides with an auto.

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was shown on 350 TV stations in December. The first animated cartoon produced by a Methodist agency, it tells the story of Rusty, a creature from Mars who comes to spy on Earth.

He can't communicate with people (Two Legs) but he can talk with autos. They tell him how dangerous life becomes when Two Legs drink alcohol. Rusty is shocked because Two Legs call themselves children of God and have a rule that says, "Thou shalt not kill."

While "gassing" with new friends in a used-car lot, Rusty is captured by a Two Legs and begins a series of adventures "that would make your engine boil."

Dismayed and disillusioned, he finally returns to Mars remarking to viewers, "I am leaving, but you—— where are *you* going?"

NCC Asks Churches to Act On Industrial Problems

The National Council of Churches' General Board has defined five areas of industrial relations which are of vital importance to Christians.

The Board cautioned churches to guard against the "dangerous tendency" toward becoming apathetic to unethical practices. It listed the five areas as: the responsible use of power; the importance of collective bargaining; corrupt practices in business; freedom to bargain, and democratic safeguards for employees.

It held government intervention in strikes justified when necessary to protect public welfare or when it can aid free bargaining through mediation. It also said union membership as a condition of continuing employment should be neither required nor forbidden by law.

Dr. Roy G. Ross, NCC general secretary, in a report to the Board, warned of "national moral decadence." He singled out radio and TV as areas that especially reflect the "moral vacuum that exists in the nation," and cited other conditions as signs of decadence.

CENTURY CLUB

Four more states are represented this month as TOGETHER publishes the names of 12 more Methodists eligible for membership in the Century Club. New members are:

Mrs. Mattie Wilkinson McNeel, 100, Autaugaville, Ala.

Mrs. Sarah White, 103, Mount Dora, Fla.

Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Helm, 101, Antlers, Okla.

Mrs. Katherine White, 100, Monterey Park, Calif.

George H. Judd, 101, Alliance, Ohio.

Jonas Gary, 101, Scullton, Pa.

Lillie Z. Winship, 101, Rushville, Ind.

Mrs. Jennie M. Chapman, 100, Fair Haven, Vt.

Mrs. Mary Ann Glass, 107, Stratford, Okla.

L. P. Perkins, 100, Florence, Tex.

George Thornburgh, 100, Bakersfield, Calif.

Mrs. Sybil McCloskey, 100, Johnstown, Pa.

Names of other Methodists 100 or over will be published as received from readers.

Bishops Hold Memorial Rites

Memorial services for three bishops and the wife of another were held during the semiannual meeting of the Council of Bishops in Phoenix, Ariz.

Honored were Mrs. Orina Kidd Garber, wife of Bishop Paul N. Garber, Richmond, Va.; Ralph A. Ward, Hong Kong; John W. Branscomb, Jacksonville, Fla., and William W. Peele, Laurinburg, N.C.

A memorial service for Bishop H. Bascom Watts will be held later.

Bishop Marvin A. Franklin, Jackson,

Bishops Franklin, Short, and Kennedy (left to right) at Council meeting.

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Miss., presided as president of the Council, with Bishop Roy H. Short of Nashville as secretary. President-designate for 1960 is Bishop Gerald H. Kennedy of Los Angeles, who will preside at the 1960 General Conference in Denver next April.

NEWS DIGEST . . .

NEW PRESIDENT. The Rev. Fred McGinnis, superintendent of the Alaska Mission, has been elected acting president of Alaska Methodist University in Anchorage, succeeding the Rev. Donald F. Ebright, who recently resigned.

LAND FOR HOME. Rock of Ages, Inc., has given 392 acres of land in Americus, Ga., to the North and South Georgia Conferences for a proposed home for the aged.

SUNDAY SALES. Several Baptist churches of Greensboro, N.C., have asked their members to make no purchases on Sundays except in extreme emergency. The request followed repeal of the city's "Blue Laws" and the opening of grocery stores on Sundays.

TOO MANY ACTIVITIES? The Peoria, Ill., Council of Churches warns that "increasing infringement" by secular and even church-related activities on Sunday church time is "a serious cause for alarm." It lists the activities as business, entertainment, outings, conventions, and other programs.

CAMERA CLIQUE

Ah, Blue Skies! This month's tingling cover shot comes from amateur lensman Carl Hibdon, who achieves the dream of many a color-slide enthusiast—a rich blue sky made even more dramatic by its contrast to dazzling white snow. His secret? Simply a polarizing filter, which he used to deepen the color saturation of Kodachrome daylight film. Another helpful factor: He took this picture at a haze-free higher altitude on the south approach to northern California's 10,466-foot Lassen Peak. For greater depth of field, he used a Summaron 35-mm. wide-angle lens on his Leica IIIC. Even after opening the aperture about two extra stops to compensate for the filter, he could expose at f/6.3, 1/60 second, due to the thin air and snow's light-reflecting capability.

Here are photo credits for this issue:

Cover—Carl Hibdon • 14 Top—Wide World, Bot.—United Air Lines • 18 Top—Dallas News, Bot.—U.S. Public Health Service • 19 Top—State Department, Bot.—Methodist Prints • 32-33—Wide World • 36—Morse • 37-44—*In Our Image*, Oxford University Press • 52 R.—The Bettmann Archive • 57—Tadahiko Hayashi • 59—Mel Manley • 66 Top L.—Board of Missions, Top R. & Bot.-67 Top—Florence Burnett • 71—Miller • 73—Bowerman, Camelback Inn • 77-79—Glenn Hensley • 2-3-46-64-65-67 Bot.—George P. Miller.

Rattle Rings—Cute rattles that will become family heirlooms. A different baby gift imported from Holland. Interesting, too, to animal-figurine collectors. Ivory plastic ring with silver-plated elephant, bunny, duck, dog, or fish. $2.75.
Dutch American Import, Dept. TO, 827 Mar Vista Ave., Pasadena, Calif.

Color-Full Still Lifes—House has the doldrums? Perk it up with these richly colored prints by Henk Bos of Holland—florals, or harvest fruits and old lanterns. Ready for framing. Size 9x10: Set of 4, $1.50. Size 19x17: $1.50 ea. Pair. $2.95.
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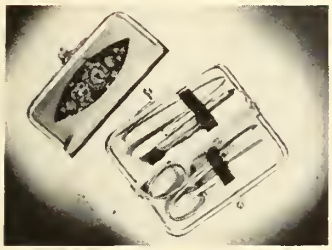

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A good turn in a London fog 50 years ago helped start American boys on the Scouting trail. Today, one of their most prized awards originates in the local church.

For God and Country

By JAMES M. WALL

THE BOY SCOUTS of America, whose beginning dates back 50 years this month, enters its second half-century just as it did its first, with an exceptionally strong tie to The Methodist Church.

Of all church-sponsored Scout units today, 20 per cent are Methodist guided. Nearly one out of every three U.S. Scoutmasters is a Methodist. And our churches are taking a steadily growing part in Scouting's God and Country award program. Appropriately enough, this program is administered by the local church.

Scouting, since its birth, has insisted that its boys be reverent. But in the God and Country program, now in its 15th year, it provides them with a unique program of religious study, service, and personal development, all under the direct guidance of the pastors of their churches.

Scouting's three founders: Ernest Thompson Seton (left), Lord Baden-Powell, and Daniel Beard.

In five areas—as pictured on the following pages—a boy works closely with his minister, examining the meaning of his faith and then converting that faith into practice through service projects.

The God and Country program puts a new accent on service, which has been the bedrock of Scouting since that day in 1910 when an American publisher was rescued from his blind wandering in a London fog by a British Boy Scout.

The publisher, William D. Boyce of Chicago, was so impressed with the boy's refusal of a tip that he sought an audience with Lord Robert Baden-Powell, founder of the British Boy Scouts, to learn more about this good-turn organization.

Returning to America, Boyce brought together representatives of 34 national organizations interested in youth. Out of this meeting came the Boy Scouts of America. Several youth groups agreed to merge with the newly formed Scouts and by 1911 some 61,000 boys had accepted the challenge to "do my best for God and my country."

Just as Lord Baden-Powell was the British founder of Scouting, the most active American pioneers were Ernest Thompson Seton and Daniel Carter Beard, both of whom merged groups they had formed with the Scouts. Seton, who had founded the Woodcraft Indians, became Chief Scout of the new group; Beard, founder of the Sons of Daniel Boone, National Scout Commissioner.

From the outset, Methodism has given support to Scouting. During this year's golden anniversary celebration, at least six Methodist churches can look back over 50 years of unbroken sponsorship of troops: First, Amityville, N.Y.; Woodhaven, N.Y.; Ocean Parkway, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Richmond Avenue, Buffalo, N.Y.; East End, Nashville, Tenn., and Irvington, Indianapolis, Ind.

In the last 50 years, over 30 million American boys have become Scouts; 50,000 are wearers of the God and Country award. More will receive it on Boy Scout Sunday, February 7, at morning worship services.

For an insight into the depth of this work, study the photos on the pages which follow. They show typical scenes from the year-long work these Scouts of the First Methodist Church in Western Springs, Ill., undertook, guided by their pastor, the Rev. Lloyd Bower, to win one of Scouting's most prized—and meaningful—awards.

Christian Citizenship:

Each Scout must do six service projects for the church to meet this section of the badge requirements. Western Springs, Ill., boys deliver the church yearbook as part of their work. Mrs. O. D. Finkenbinder receives her copy from Greg Innes, one of nine boys in the 1959-60 award class.

To win the God and Country Award, Scouts study and serve in five areas.

Christian Fellowship:

Both at home and in church, Scouts learn to lead in group activities. Jerry Hazelbauer, right, enlists the aid of sister Jill in conducting a family worship service. The boys plan their own rites, which may be on any special occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Carl Hazelbauer encouraged their son's God and Country study as a part of his spiritual growth.

Christian Faith:

Study in this area moves from Bible memory work to a written statement of the church's principal beliefs. Also required: a detailed explanation of the symbols of the church and evidence of personal religious habits, such as Bible study and prayer. George Aichele, Jr., who won his award last year, continues the bedtime-devotion habit his Scout studies made a part of his life.

Christian Witness:

For Richard Kramer, interviewing a Christian businessman about his daily witness was a pleasant task. He chose his father, a manufacturer's representative and Methodist Men president in his church. Scouts examine the relevance of the Christian faith to daily living, then witness themselves by ushering, singing in the choir, and assuming leadership roles in their own youth groups. They also develop a program of systematic giving to the church.

Together / NEW YORK Area *NEWS* Edition

FEBRUARY, 1960

UEM Adds 13,663 Members to Area in Year

Student Church Serves Religious Life at Drew

The religious life of the Liberal Arts College at Drew University is coordinated within the Student Church, a community of Christian students bound together by a common faith, and particularly suited for the campus.

This church is not affiliated with any particular denomination but is comprised of students representing a variety of traditions and interpretations of the Christian faith. It encourages denominational fidelity while recognizing the catholic nature of the church and its ecumenical setting.

Affiliated with a national Christian college fellowship, the National Student Christian Movement, Drew's religious life is put into contract with the ideas of students throughout the nation.

Since Drew is a small college, the nondenominational aspect of the church is important in maintaining group solidarity while imposing no restrictions on the students' attendance at denominational Sunday worship.

The church is run by student-elected officers. Its program is planned to fit the time limitations of campus life and student interests.

The governing board is similar to that in many churches. It consists of two co-chairmen, two secretaries, four commissions and four standing committees. The co-chairmen are concerned with the administrative duties of the church and

(Continued on page A-3)

Mandatory footprinting didn't disturb this little fellow at Methodist Hospital in Brooklyn as he posed for his picture with two nurses and Chaplain K. Keidel.

Fast Growing Cows Help Building Fund

Thanks to three fast-growing cows in Georgia, Vt., the Methodist church has added about $600 to its building fund budget.

Two years ago when the 850-pound animals were calves, they were donated to the church at the annual Guernsey auction in Rutland.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Klecka have been taking care of them on the Klecka farm in Georgia and this year they were ready to go on the auction block again as full-fledged cows and brought about $200 each for the Methodist church which now owes only $2,500 on its $16,500 education unit which was completed in 1957.

Speaks in Father's Pulpit

When the Rev. Olin Y. Shute of Nutley, N.J., preached the 75th anniversary sermon in Mountain View, he had the unusual experience of standing in his father's first pulpit and wearing his father's gown.

The Rev. A. Lincoln Shute went to Mountain View 73 years ago as a student pastor with his bride.

Mr. Shute, pastor of Vincent Church in Nutley, was formerly superintendent of the Western District of the Newark Conference.

New Faces—New Places

New York East:

The Rev. Kenneth N. Alexander to Bethpage and the Rev. Vernon C. Nichols to Ozone Park, N.Y.

Troy Conference:

The Rev. George Folsom to Wilton and South Wilton.

Guest Tickets

Those desiring guest tickets for the 1960 General Conference, to be held in Denver April 27-May 11, should send requests to: the Rev. J. Otis Young, 740 Rush Street, Chicago 11, Ill.

New York East Conference Reports Biggest Gain

In two phases of a United Evangelistic Mission, the four Conferences of the Area added 13,663 new members, according to the Rev. Allen E. Claxton of New York City, executive director.

The results of the year-long Mission totaled 4,084 in the New York East Conference, 3,748 in the Newark Conference, 3,554 in the Troy Conference, and 2,277 in the New York Conference.

Totals by districts follow:

Brooklyn North	1,166
Brooklyn South	1,298
New York (NYE)	495
New Haven	1,125
Northern	1,083
Southern	880
Eastern	973
Western	812
Albany	692
Burlington	1,283
Glens Falls	786
Troy	793
Kingston	397
Poughkeepsie	529
Newburgh	654
New York (NY)	697

Twins Up Census Count

It was family enlargement on the double for four women who gave birth to twins last month at Bethany Deaconess Hospital. Three sets were identical twins, and three were twin boys. Three mothers already had more than one child at home.

Glenn Falls District Superintendent W. J. Whitney breaks ground for new dining hall at Skye Farm near Warrensburg, N.Y. When finished it will accommodate 200.

The Circuit Writer

Methodists in Kasumi, Hyogo-Ken, have purchased their worship center and hope soon to build a church. Their Men's Club has 20 members. The church was organized two years ago by the Rev. and Mrs. Olin Y. Shute of Nutley, N.J., who received a visit last year from Jun'Ichi Nogaki, treasurer of the church.

Gremlins in the type again—and this time they confined Faith Church, North Haven, Conn., to an eight-foot plot. It should have read "eight-acre"!

A Prayer Telephone at First Church, Middletown, Conn., is bringing more than 10,000 calls each week for prayers recorded by Dr. H. Burnham Kirkland.

The first professional recording at the Ocean Grove Auditorium, is on sale. The 12-inch LP high-fidelity record was produced by Tommy Tucker, and is entitled *Sing Unto the Lord.*

Miss Hannah A. Maps celebrated her 100th birthday at the Methodist Home in Ocean Grove, N.J.

Enid Zella Smith, daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. Leland D. Smith of Elizabeth, N.J., was married November 27 to the Rev. Sidney S. Tate.

Linden Avenue Church, Jersey City, is celebrating its 115th anniversary.

The Rev. Edward S. McLaughlin, treasurer of the Newark Conference, was re-elected treasurer of the Annual Conference Officers of the Northeastern Jurisdiction and appointed registrar.

The steeple on the Freeport (N.Y.) Church is undergoing extensive repairs after being struck by lightning. It was erected 69 years ago.

The Rev. Dr. Lowell M. Atkinson of Englewood, N.J., is author of an article, "The Miracle of Christmas," in the holiday issue of *War Cry.*

The Baldwin (N.Y.) MYF traveled by bus to Baltimore where they visited Lovely Lane Church on the site where Methodism was organized in 1784.

"Going out for new members" is not just a figure of speech to the MYF and JIF in Bound Brook, N.J. The group recently went out in cars, one of which was a 1913 Model T Ford, to transport newcomers to a meeting.

The Rev. and Mrs. A. Johnson Cambridge of Newcomb, N.Y., have brought back more than 100 slides from an extensive tour of the British Isles. Mr. Cambridge preached in Devonshire, the Cotswolds and the Lake District.

The Tranquility (N.J.) Church was host to 42 children from the Jersey City Mission of the Newark Conference. The youngsters visited a dairy farm and an apple orchard.

Centenary Notes

• An audience-participation program of the Christmas portion of Handel's "Messiah" was conducted by W. Norman Grayson, chairman of the division of fine arts.

• Top ranking badminton players, Miss Abbie Rutledge and John Lieb, conducted a clinic and exhibition in Reeves Student Union Building.

• President Edward W. Seay reported on recent developments of a committee on articulation at meeting of the Junior College Council at the 73rd annual convention of the Middle States Associate of Colleges and Two Year Schools and Affiliated Associations.

• George Gansz, director of choral and instrumental music, is included in the biographical section of the sixth edition of "Who Is Who in Music-International."

Ed Schuetz Photo

Three Lebanon (N.J.) Methodist couples celebrating 150 years of married life are honored at church reception. From left are Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Alpaugh, married January 13, 1909; Mr. and Mrs. Barzilla Conover, October 21, 1908; and Mr. and Mrs. John A. Walsh, October 14, 1909. Lifelong members ,they are trustees.

Drew News

A graduate school in the humanities will be instituted within the next year, pending clearance by the Board of Trustees, it has been announced by Dr. Stanley R. Hopper, Dean of the Graduate. In the next few years it will be expanded to include the Departments of Literature, Philosophy, History, and the Social Sciences. Departments of Religion, Languages, and the Fine Arts are also under consideration.

•

Dr. Francis P. Jones, former director of the Nanking Theological Seminary in China and currently a lecturer in missions in the Theological School, is directing a long-range project for the translation of Christian classics into Chinese. These will give Chinese scholars, theologians and ministers a more extensive grounding in Christian traditions than is possible at present. The project was started at Nanking Theological Seminary.

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The Rev. Dr. Charles W. Iglehart, alumnus of the theological school, has received an honorary doctor of divinity degree from Tokyo Union Theological Seminary. He is a former Methodist missionary to Japan and has been related to Christianity in Japan for 50 years.

•

Dr. Paul B. Maves, professor of Religious Education, spoke at the celebration of One Hundred Years of Co-operation in Religious Education in Minnesota in St. Paul.

In Memoriam

New York East Conference

The Rev. Stephen L. Kiser
Oct. 9, 1959

The Rev. John W. Dodson
Oct. 15, 1959

Mrs. C. H. Hardie
Oct. 11, 1959

The Rev. William D. Beach
Nov. 25, 1959

The Rev. Paul H. Kemnitz
Dec. 9, 1959

New York Conference

The Rev. Reighton D. Watson
Dec. 8, 1959

Troy Conference

The Rev. James F. Bisgrove
Nov. 16, 1959

Drew University

Dr. Edwin Lewis
Nov. 28, 1959

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New Horizons

• Trinity Methodists in Windsor, Conn., are raising $80,000 for an education building and fellowship center. Future plans include a new sanctuary.

• Park Church, Elizabeth, N.J., has just spent nearly $3,000 for aluminum siding on the sanctuary.

• The new sanctuary of St. Paul's Church, Bayville, N.Y., was opened December 20 with formal procession and inspection.

• Bishop Newell consecrated the first unit of the new Calvary Church, Latham, N.Y.; also Christ Church, Hartford; and Faith Church, North Haven, Conn.

Student Church Serves

(Continued from page A-1)

the secretaries have charge of correspondence within the school and with other student groups, and responsibility for all student church publicity.

Membership in the student church and its commission and committees is open to all Drew students and faculty. Chaplain James H. Pain acts as pastor of the Student Church.

Pastors to Hear Bonnell

The Rev. Dr. John Sutherland Bonnell, minister of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, will be one of the prominent speakers on the program of the Area Ministers' Retreat, February 9-11, at Buck Hill Falls, Pa. He will deliver three lectures on *Counseling and the Healing Ministry.*

Other speakers will be Paul Blanchard on *Catholic Power and Policy in the U. S.* and Dr. H. Gordon Harland of the Drew faculty on *Theology and Politics: The Thought of Reinhold Niebuhr.*

Jackson Is Co-author

The Rev. Dr. Edgar N. Jackson of Mamaroneck, N.Y., is one of 21 contributors to *The Meaning of Death* edited by Dr. Herman Feifel of the University of Southern California School of Medicine and recently published by McGraw-Hill. (See picture on page A-4.)

The book probes the subject of death from various points of view.

Dr. Jackson points out that to deal adequately with the idea of death, man must move beyond the partial view of life which is aware only of his self-consciousness.

Mission Festival Grows

So well attended were last season's Mission Festivals in the Brooklyn North and South Districts of the New York East Conference that the number this year has been increased from two to three.

They are planned January 17 at St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn; January 24 in Hempstead, and January 31 in Patchogue.

Churches will be responsible for 25 display booths dealing with various aspects of mission life around the world.

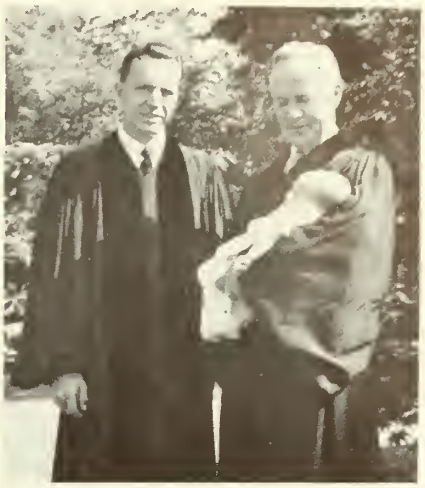
Area Nurse in Contest

An attractive young student nurse at the Methodist Hospital in Brooklyn will represent the Area in the "Miss Methodist Student Nurse for 1960" contest.

The contestant is Miss Lynne M. Kennaugh of New York City. She is a senior in the nursing school and a member of Hanson Place-Central Church Drama Club.

Miss Kennaugh

The contest is sponsored as part of the annual meeting of the Board of Hospitals and Homes and the convention of the National Association of Methodist Hospitals and Homes at Columbus, Ohio. A number of nursing students from church-related hospitals throughout the nation are entered.



Walter W. Pitt III, son of the Rev. Walter W. Pitt, Jr., (left) of Hampton Bays (N.Y.) Church, and Mrs. Pitts, is baptized by District Superintendent Kenneth Grady.

Marks Methodist Birthday

As the Mother Hospital of Methodism, the Methodist Hospital of Brooklyn observed the 175th anniversary of Methodism with Bishop Newell as the principal speaker.

President Fred G. Halloway of Drew University presented the hospital with a copy of *Primitive Physic* by Dr. John Wesley from the university's collection of historical treasures.

The Rev. David B. Chamberlain of John Street Church spoke on *The Christmas Conference* in Baltimore which marked the organization of Methodism in 1784.

Special guest was 10-year-old Sandra Varone who, thanks to the use of equipment recently acquired by the hospital, underwent a successful operation known as "open heart" surgery. (See picture on page A-4.)

As the Hospital Child of the Year her picture appeared on the posters used in the Christmas stocking collection.

Merritt T. Clark Photo

Five classrooms and a chapel have been added to East Avenue Church, East Norwalk, Conn. The addition, above, cost $100,000.

Bob Hasbrouck, Pete Constable, Donald Greene, and Frank Robinson, Poughkeepsie, get God and Country awards from the pastor.

Busy Bishop Serves New York Area in Many Different Roles

Many demands are made on the services of a Methodist bishop, and Bishop Frederick B. Newell of the New York Area finds himself constantly on the go. The pictures on this page give but a brief glimpse into the day-by-day activities of the bishop. Here he is shown visiting with a little girl who survived a delicate heart operation and who was the model for the 1959 Christmas stocking collection poster. He poses with former ministers of a Connecticut church back for a consecration service; receives a copy of a new book, and is honored by a church which he helped during the crisis of the 1930's. His travels have taken him far and wide as evidenced by the photograph taken during a recent Council of Bishops session in the Southwest.

Sandra Varone, Hospital Child of the Year, shows Bishop Newell (right) and Dr. H. D. Fearson, Methodist Hospital of Brooklyn, the Christmas collection poster.

Bramac Studio

Attending education unit consecration at East Avenue Church, East Norwalk, Conn., he poses with (l. to r.) the Rev E. L. Eastman, pastor; the Rev. A. W. Judd, Farmingdale, N.Y.; Dist. Supt. E. Leslie Wood; the Rev. A. Tedcastle, Hamden, Conn., New Haven Dist. Supt.; and the Rev. H. B. Warren, Newark, former East pastors.

Bishop receives autographed copy of book, The Meaning of Death, *from contributors Dr. Carla Gottlieb (left), art historian, Dr. Edgar Jackson, of Mamaroneck.*

Cecil Layne Photo

In recognition of "wise counsel and executive leadership," he receives plaque from the Rev. C. L. Warren, pastor of St. Mark's Church, N.Y., in presence of Miss Dorothy Height, national YWCA executive, Bishop Herbert Welch, and Mrs. Marvin B. Eckford.

Bowerman-Camelback Inn

During the recent Council of Bishops meeting at which a report was prepared for presentation to the 1960 General Conference in Denver, Bishop and Mrs. Newell took time out for a stroll in the winter sunshine at the famous Camelback Inn, Phoenix Ariz.

Christian Outreach:

The Rev. Lloyd Bower, who meets with the Scouts every other week for a year, provides guidance in the study of Methodist missions in this country. Daniel Roads, David Olsen, Charles Noble, and Steven Maly (left to right), are four of the nine boys who drew maps and spotted mission stations to grasp pictorially the church's outreach at home and abroad.

Finally – the Award:

Boy Scout Sunday each February crowns a year's labor. At the ceremony in the morning service, the big moment is reached when Pastor Bower presents the medal. Waiting their turn as Bill Korber receives his medal are (left to right) Charles Noble, Don Aichele, John Elder, Bruce Bitting, Daniel Roads, David Olsen, Steven Maly, and Greg Innes. Since 1956, this church has presented 35 awards to local Scouts.

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